BUILDERS OF MODERN INDIA

TELO DE MASCARENHAS

SHASHIKAR KELEKAR

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PUBLICATIONS DIVISION
MINISTRY OF INFORMATION AND BROADCASTING
GOVERNMENT OF INDIA

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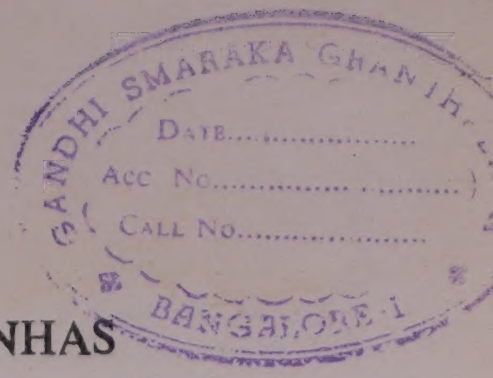

TELO DE MASCARENHAS

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd
From wandering on a foreign strand !

SIR WALTER SCOTT

ABOUT THE SERIES

The object of this series is to record, for the present and future generations, the story of the struggles and achievements of the eminent sons and daughters of India, who have been mainly instrumental for our national renaissance and the attainment of independence. Except in a few cases, such authoritative biographies have not been available.

The biographies are planned as handy volumes written by knowledgeable persons and give a brief account, in simple words, of the life and activities of the eminent leaders and of their times. They are not intended either to be comprehensive studies or to replace the more elaborate biographies.

The work of writing these lives has to be entrusted to different people. It has, therefore, not been possible to publish the biographies in a chronological order. It is hoped, however, that within a short period all eminent national personalities will figure in this series.

Shri R. R. Diwakar is the General Editor of this series.

PREFACE

I felt greatly elated when the Publications Division, Ministry of Information and Broadcasting, Government of India, invited me to write a biography of Dr. Telo de Mascarenhas for their prestigious "Builders of Modern India" series. My elation was on two counts. As a Goan myself, I was naturally thrilled that a son of the soil was finding a place in the series. And secondly, it had fallen to my lot to write on him. It was, therefore, with much pride and pleasure and feeling of gratitude that I accepted the invitation.

As a Congress activist during the turbulent decade of the seventies, I had frequent opportunities of coming in contact with Dr. Mascarenhas who had joined the organisation soon after his release from prison in Portugal and return to the homeland. Whenever we met, we talked of the present and the future. Our conversation did not cover the past. I knew that Dr. Mascarenhas had a very distinguished and colourful past but I did not refer to it obviously because it had little relevance to our immediate goals. It never occurred to me that one day it would be my own good fortune to write on his life and work. If it had, I would have made special efforts to know many aspects of his past first hand and would have consequently been more richly equipped and endowed for the present task.

Whenever we talked, I was greatly impressed by Dr. Mascarenhas's deep and abiding commitment to the principles and ideals of the Indian National Congress such as democracy, socialism and secularism. Everything he said and did inspired confidence about the genuineness of his beliefs and convictions and the sincerity of his purpose. His interest in politics and

public life generally seemed definitely to have sprung from his transparent concern for public good and his unflinching commitment to the goal of a better and fuller life for all. And much as I already admired him for these qualities, my admiration for him increased manifold as I sat down to collecting more information about his past and getting to know more of him for the purpose of writing this biography.

People who had the privilege of closer association with him, whether in childhood, youth or old age generously helped me with valuable information about Dr. Mascarenhas's life. I met and talked to many people in different walks of life in the course of my work and I am indebted to all of them for helping me to know more about the man I had set writing about. Below I mention a few persons to whom I am beholden but the list is by no means exhaustive.

I am deeply indebted to Dr. Mascarenhas's wife, Mrs. Elsa de Mendonca e Mascarenhas for her cooperation. I met her several times and she was always kind and courteous with all manner of information she had at her disposal. Apart from patiently answering my queries, she provided me access to many useful documents and papers in her possession. I only hope I have fulfilled her wish that I should portray her late husband "tal como ele era" (just as he was), which, as she said, was all that mattered to her.

I am immensely grateful to Mr. Mohan Ranade for his valuable help. Mr. Ranade was Dr. Mascarenhas's prison-mate at Caxias for eight long years although they did not always share the same cell. From him I learnt a lot about those days in the Fort of Caxias in Portugal, an important period in the life of Dr. Mascarenhas.

I owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Enio Pimenta, a freedom fighter himself and a distinguished member of the first Legislative Assembly of Goa, Daman & Diu. Mr. Pimenta had the privilege of being closely associated with Dr. Mascarenhas during the crucial decade of the fifties in Bombay. For Enio

any good work being attempted by anyone is literally his own work, for which no pains on his behalf are too great. And so it was all with this work.

I am also thankful to Dr. Jose Teles, Dr. Antonio Furtado and Rev. Fr. A. de Mendonca, all of whom were at one time or another associated with Dr. Mascarenhas during his student days first in Goa and later on in Portugal.

My thanks are also due to Rev. Nocolau Pereira, Principal of St. Xavier's College, Goa, who was generous with valuable information and guidance. I also put on record my appreciation of the unfailing cooperation I received from Prof. Frederick David and Prof. Arun Mudbidri, my colleagues on the staff of the St. Xavier's college, Goa.

I am also beholden to Mr. D. M. Karapurkar, my old friend and always a well-wisher for his willing cooperation in many matters connected with this task.

The list of those who actively helped me in my present enterprise would not be complete without due mention of my wife Smita (Shalan) and my daughter Sharmila to whose active cooperation in all matters, small and big, connected with this endeavour, I owe the successful execution of the task assigned to me on time. I am indeed grateful to them as I am to others.

Dr. Mascarenhas's "When The Mango Trees Blossomed" which he describes as his Quasi Memoirs is one of the many sources I have gone to for culling my material. I have quoted him in the book where appropriate as the footnotes will indicate.

Mapsa, Goa
2nd January, 1982 SHASHIKAR KELEKAR

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I

His Finest Hour

IT WAS THE evening of Thursday, August 13, 1970. Despite the day's heavy downpour, a huge crowd had collected outside Panaji's Institute Menezes de Braganza facing the Mandovi. Inside, the large, spacious hall was packed to capacity. On the colourfully decorated dais, a tall, handsome man with broad features and an impressive build stood opposite the mike and was speaking. He was past seventy but he looked remarkably young and youthful for his age.

> "I feel immensely grateful and moved at your sincere and most hearty welcome to your brother, a prodigal son, who returns home after suffering bitterness and torments in exile, more moral than physical, in the dungeons of the imperialists. I am now more than ever a free man in a free land."

He paused as the huge audience burst into applause. Then he continued :

> "I am not coming to earn the laurels of victory, but to share in communion with you the secret viaticum of freedom, because I am feeling extremely happy as a free man in a free country."

There was another round of applause, more prolonged and deafening than the first.

> 'I don't bring pleasant promises", he concluded, "I bring solely a deep desire to work for the betterment of our land and our people. I am not a politician. I have never been one, but a sincere and undauntec

nationalist. Consequently, I don't serve private interests, but the sacred cause of all of us, the cause of India and Goa."

The speaker was Telo de Mascarenhas, poet, journalist, lawyer, thinker, writer and above all a freedom fighter. The occasion was a public reception to him. After a decade of incarceration in the prisons of Portugal he had finally returned to his birthplace to whose emancipation from the stranglehold of colonialism he had dedicated his life and suffered the chatisement.

That stranglehold had exceeded all limits and norms of contemporary colonialism. Goa had fallen to the hordes of Afonso de Albuquerque in November of 1510, quick on the heels of Vasco da Gama's historic discovery of the sea route to India in 1498. As rulers the Portuguese had anticipated the British and the French by a good two hundred and fifty years. And long after the latter were gone, they were still holding on until their forced departure in December of 1961. That brought the range of their rule to a total of four hundred and fifty years.

Long duration was not the only egregious feature of their rule. The Portuguese version of colonialism differed from its counterparts in countless other ways and fell in a class by itself. The colonial grip on Goa was tight and total extending as it did over the entire spectrum of Goan life. In their four hundred and fifty years of rule the Portuguese set themselves to a planned destruction of the native culture and the transplantation and the superimposition of their own. No area of Goan life was spared from the baleful influence of the colonial rule.

For Albuquerque, christianisation of the natives was the safest way of consolidating his conquest. To secure a purely Portuguese race he asked his soldiers to take to Hindu and Muslim wives. He initiated the policy of mass conversions to Christianity which in the coming decades was to culminate in

the gory and gruesome horrors of the Inquisition. Yet, it was not holding the apron strings of the Portuguese that Christianity had come to India. It had come much earlier and it had needed no support of the sword to establish itself in the country.

The Union of the Cross and the Sword was the most abominable characteristic of the Portuguese colonial rule in Goa. For one brief spell in the eighteenth century, the Marquis of Pombal had tried to mitigate the evil but before long it had surfaced again. The proclamation of the Republic in 1910 saw the separation of the Church and the State but even the republicans hesitated to extend the reform to the colonies.

In their ruthless drive for the extermination of a whole civilisation, language was the first casualty. From the very beginning the colonialists made a bonfire of whatever books in the vernacular they came by. The body blow of course fell on Konkani, the mothertongue of Goans, but even languages like Marathi and Kannada that could possibly serve as conduits for Indian culture and civilisation did not escape the fury. Cunha Rivara, the eminent Portuguese historian writes :

> "In the first heat of conquest, temples were destroyed, all the emblems of the pagan culture were shattered into pieces and books written in the vernacular were burnt for being guilty or suspected of containing precepts and doctrines of idolatry."

Far from stretching or straining his pen, Cunha Rivara was in fact making an understatement. For, the first heat of conquest continued to swelter till long after the conquest itself had matured into a settled fact of history.

No effort was considered too great to ensure the complete denationalisation of Goans. The territory was hermetically sealed against all outside, especially Indian influence. Education was already the monopoly of a chosen few but the curriculum in primary as well as secondary schools was carefully framed to

avoid all reference to India, her history, geography, culture and tradition. Goa was effectually severed fro mthe breast of Mother India.

The political set-up was unabashedly archaic and antediluvian. The natives had no access whatsoever to the sanctum sanctorum of the administration which was an exclusively white preserve. The Governor General who was the supreme head of the administration was appointed by Lisbon and was responsible to Lisbon, through the Minister for Colonies. He ruled with the help of a small coterie, part-nominated and in part elected by a microscopic minority of top tax-payers. Even here the election was a barely concealed farce. The Council was merely a rubber-stamp of the Governor General who in turn took his orders straight from Lisbon.

Let alone political rights, there was no room under such a dispensation for the most elementary civil rights and liberties. Freedom of thought and expression, freedom of assembly and association were all taboo. Even wedding cards had to pass through the official censor and all get-togethers officially cleared.

In a manner of speaking, it would have been asking too much to expect the colonialist to concede these privileges to Goans when the people in Metropolitan Portugal themselves were denied them. Controls were slightly relaxed after the fall of the monarchy and the proclamation of the Republic in 1910. But with Salazar in the saddle in 1928, the noose was tightened again.

While in neighbouring British India, under the vigorous impact of the nationalist movement, people made a steady, step-by-step advance to self-government, Goa continued to stagnate in the muddy pool of obscurantism.

Yet it was never a smooth sailing for the colonialist. Discontent simmered beneath the surface and found outlets from time to time

In 1654, a Roman Catholic priest, Castro by name, raised the first banner of revolt. In 1787, two years before the French Revolution, seventeen priests, seven army officers and several laymen put themselves in the vanguard of what has passed into history as the Pintos' Revolt to overthrow the Government and found a republic. The rising was abortive and in reprisal the leaders of the movement were tied to the tails of horses and dragged to their death through the streets. In 1835 Bernardo Peres da Silva organised an unsuccessful expedition from the then British India. In the latter half of the 19th century and the first decade of the twentieth the Ranes of Satari were the *bete noire* of the Portuguese. Operating intermittently through the mountain fastnesses of Satari they harried the colonialist for a full sixty years from 1852 to 1912. The exploits of Dipaji Rane form a glorious chapter in the history of Goan resistance to colonial rule.

As all channels of constitutional expression were choked, the resentment of the people inevitably took the form of armed resistance. But whenever there was an opening, Goans showed they were as good at constitutional agitation as they were at armed resistance.

The liberal winds blowing across France and America induced Portugal to grant a limited dose of autonomy to the colonies in 1820 with a right to send deputies to the Portuguese Parliament. In 1822, Portugal was compelled to grant independence to Brazil. Thirty years later, Fr. Jeremias Mascarenhas, a Goan Deputy in a speech made in the Portuguese Parliament made a fervent plea to grant similar honour to Goa. In September 1890, the Portuguese troops opened fire on a huge crowd collected near the church at Margao to protest against the rigging of elections to the Municipalities killing twenty three Goans. In 1861, the great Francisco Luis Gomes was proclaiming to the world his pride in belonging to "that race which composed the Mahabharata and invented the chess" and demanding liberty and light for India.

The flame of nationalism continued to burn steadily through the time. In the twentieth century it was the redoubtable Menezes de Braganza, universally acclaimed as the greatest among his generation of Goans, and Govind Hegdo Dessai, the crusading journalist of all times, who set the tone and style of national protest. Through their fighting papers "O Debate" and "O Bharat" they tore off the religious and missionary mask of the colonialist and showed him in his true, diabolic colours. They opened the eyes of fellow Goans to the pathetic state of moral, intellectual and spiritual decay to which the colonialist had reduced them. And they carried on a relentless crusade for civic and political rights for Goans which alone could assure their salvation.

Both had to suffer endless persecution at the hands of the colonialist for their beliefs and actions. But theirs was a voice no power on earth could still. Their ringing message had caught the imagination of the younger generation of Goans.

Across the border in India, under the emerging leadership of Gandhi, the Indian National Congress had shed its middle class character and was taking on the dimensions of a galloping mass movement. In 1928, with a view to establishing a close rapport with that movement, a 37-year-old Goan, Tristao Braganza da Cunha had formed his Goa Congress Committee and got it affiliated to the Indian National Congress.

And in far-away Portugal, two years earlier in 1926, fired with a sense of nostalgia and patriotism, a group of enthusiastic university students from Goa led by one Telo de Mascarenhas had established the Hindu Nationalist Centre in Lisbon and was running a journal named "India Nova" to propagate the cause of the motherland.

II

Childhood and Boyhood

TELO DE MASCARENHAS was born in the port town of Mormugao in the house of his maternal grandparents on March 23, 1899. His father was Joao Menino Arnaldo Mascarenhas and his mother Maria Leocadia Calorina Barreto. Joao was a quiet, jovial landlord of modest means. Tall and strongly-built his large eyes and bushy beard gave him the look of a medieval squire. Maria was a woman of uncommon grace and charm. Devout and dutiful, she was a perfect housewife; it was an ideal match.

Following the custom of the land Maria had gone to stay with her parents when she was expecting her first child. After some months mother and child returned to Velsao. Here the child was baptised at the parochial church on July 13, 1899 as Menino Timoteo Antonio Mascarenhas. But they affectionately called him Telo and the name stuck.

Nestling in the soothing shade of tall palm trees, the blue sea a few paces away and the church on a hillock overlooking the green paddy fields the village of Velsao has a charm and atmosphere difficult to capture in words. Telo grew up in such sylvan surroundings; the setting seemed to have woken the poet in him. To the end Valsao was an enduring fascination.

Telo was the only child of Joao and Maria. His father passed away when he was barely two. "He was tall and

strong", Telo recalls, "But I was not afraid of him. He was always good-humoured; his thick beard stung my face when he kissed me. He held me all the time in his lap as if I were the Infant Jesus. I remember seeing him in a black suit, silent in a coffin, his hands crossed on his breast. I also recollect my mother breaking her bangles on the edge of the coffin as a symbol of widowhood".*

Msgr. Basilio Mascarenhas, the paternal uncle and Godfather of Telo was a priest in Lourenco Marques in Africa. He served as a missionary of the Prelacy of Mozambique and Zambesia for thirty years. Another paternal uncle, Bernard was a musician in distant Burmah. Both the uncles did their bit for the bereaved boy, especially in the matter of financing his education in Goa and in Portugal.

Telo was forever grateful to his two uncles. But of the two, Bernard seemed to have made a greater impression on the boy. Bernard was a self-made man. Music, a family tradition with the Mascarenhas, was his supreme passion. He was a graduate of Bombay University and had a diploma from the Music School of Lucknow. At the age of 30 he had gone to Rangoon and settled there and had made a mark as an excellent musician and a composer and conductor of the orchestra. He was an authority on music and his discourses on the subject were listened to with great respect.

When he was five, Telo began attending the parochial school of Velsao. He attended this school for one year. Then at the instance of Uncle Benard he was sent to a boarding school at Majorda about five miles from Velsao.

The boarding school at Majorda was started that same year by one Dona Dulcina, a family friend. Widowed at a young age, Dona Dulcina had dedicated herself to teaching. She had three daughters. They and a few more children from the adjoining villages and Telo were her charges.

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*When The Mango Trees Blossomed, Page 19

Telo was the only boy among a bevy of girls. "I sought the company of the girls during class hours to study lessons in common, but otherwise, I was a lonely boy, because my girl companions had their own secrets and shared their intimate confidences of little women. So I was forced to leave segregated from them. This made me reserved and less expansive".*

Nonetheless, they were a happy team. Dona Dulcina was superb at her craft of teaching. Under her watchful eyes, children frisked and romped about and did their lessons and regaled one another with the stories from the Panchatantra and Hitopadesh. Telo gradually overcame his feeling of loneliness and was soon attuned to the new environment.

After completing his primary course at the boarding school, Telo joined the Lyceum at Pangim. Those were the days of the Republic in Portugal and in Goa no less so than in Portugal, the air was thick with promise of liberal reform. Already, Goans were allowed a measure of freedom which they did not enjoy before 1910 and were not to enjoy after the military dictatorship of 1926.

At the Lyceum Telo and his close colleagues distinguished themselves more by their extra-curricular than curricular activities. They spent their time in the Biblioteca Nacional and the Saraswati Mandir, reading their favourite authors like Perez Escrich, Dumas, Lamartine, Balzac, Camilo, Julio Diniz, Eca de Queiroz, Ramalho and others. Formal studies took the back seat. Non-formal intellectual pursuits claimed the greater part of their time and attention. Nevertheless, they broke fresh ground and ventured in pastures new. Telo and his companions started the Revista Academica (Academic Review) a students' literary magazine, first of its kind in the long history of the Lyceum. Telo was the editor of the Revista and Antonio da Cunha Gomes and Vila Nova Lobo were the

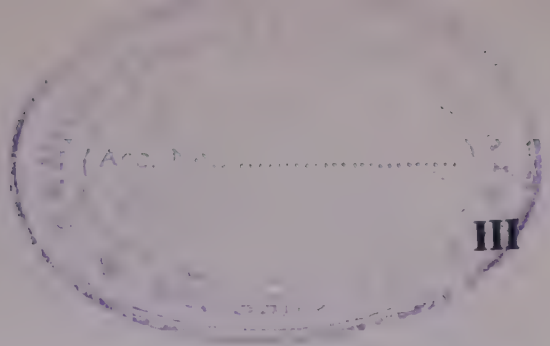
*"When The Mango Trees Blossomed" Page 18.

other two members of the editorial board. Simultaneously Telo wrote for 'O Heraldo' and 'A Provincia', Goa's contemporary leading dailies.

The Revista Academica was no ordinary, nun-of-the-mill student enterprise. It was a magazine of a very high literary standard and was acknowledged as such in the literary circles of Goa. "It attracted the active collaboration of the youths, particularly of the talented youngster Antonio Noronha who was devoted to archaeological and historical research and to whom death put a treacherous end in the bloom of his youth. There were also budding poets such as Ursula de Souza, Noronha Rodrigues, Marcos Colaco and others who dedicated their quatrains to the girls of the Colegio Nacional who were students of the Lyceum".* It was through the pages of the Revista Academica that Telo revealed his flair as a writer and a poet and made his debut on the literary scene of contemporary Goa.

After the completion of his course at the Lyceum, it was decided to send Telo to Portugal for higher studies. Msgr. Basilio and Bernard had great difficulty persuading Telo's mother and securing her consent to their decision. Maria doted on her only son, the apple of her eyes. It was not easy for her to prepare herself to the prospect of spending her days in Goa without him. But Telo's education was equally a serious matter. In the end, she gave her consent with mixed feelings of joy and sorrow.

*"When The Mango Trees Blossomed" Page 37



III

Lisbon and Coimbra

THOSE WERE THE days when aviation was still in its infancy and there were no commercial services. Sea was virtually the only link with Europe. It was by sea then that Telo travelled to Portugal.

On a cold winter morning the KARAPARA, a black, imposing P & O liner that anchored off Mormugao Harbour set sail on its long voyage to Africa. As the ship lurched into the warm, swirling waters of the Arabian sea tears welled up in Telo's eyes as he saw his land slowly receding from his sight.

The ship made brief halts at Seychelles in the Indian ocean and Mombasa before it cast anchor at the port of Mozambique where Telo disembarked on the first lap of his voyage. He spent the next few weeks with his uncle Basilio who was a prelate in Mozambique, and who was to finance his education in Portugal. From Mozambique Telo took a ship to Lourenco Marques.

It was at Lourenco Marques that Telo had his first glimpse of human exploitation and degradation. The Europeans and the high-ranking Goans settled in the city kept a large retinue of negro servants, who were available for service dirt-cheap. They eked out a miserable existence living as they did on a pittance. "They had to wear a registration number round their neck like a collar when they went out during the night. If any

of them was caught without that mark of identity he was arrested and beaten mercilessly until his boss bailed him out. The negroes from Mozambique were also enrolled like cattle for the mines of the Rand".

After about a six months of forced stay in Lourenco Marques due to non-availability of onward transportation, Telo embarked for Lisbon on board the MOZAMBIQUE. Circling the Cape of Good Hope the ship got into the waters of the vast Atlantic and presently moved to the Tagus towards Lisbon. As the ship cast anchor in Lisbon port, the radio flashed news of a mini-revolution that had just swept Lisbon.

After spending the first two days in the Hotel Das Duas Nacoes in Rua Augusta, Telo rented a room at Madalena, close to Rossio and Terreiro do Paco, not far from Aljube where he was to spend some time as a political prisoner many many years later.

Soon he met his old colleague at the Lyceum in Goa, Druston Rodrigues, who had preceded him to Portugal. Together they hired board and lodging at Calhariz. A lonely and nervous looking student doing his final year of Law frequented the Lodge for his meals. It was Silva Caldeira at whose hands as the presiding judge of the Plenary Court of Boa Hora Telo was to receive the severe penalty of twenty-seven years of imprisonment for his political activities decades later.

At the University of Lisbon where he registered himself as a law student, he met other students of Goa, all of whom were his colleagues at the Lyceum in Pangim. Their presence was a welcome relief in unfamiliar surroundings.

Telo's arrival in Portugal as a student coincided with a critical phase in the history of the country. Those were times of political tempest and turmoil. Monarchy was overthrown in 1910 and Portugal was proclaimed a Republic. But, what with the complete lack of democratic traditions and the intrigues of

politicians, the Republic found itself unable to find its feet. Instability plagued the Republic from the very beginning. Governments rose and fell. Coups, counter-coups and mini-revolutions were the order of the day. The Republic continued to flounder in a slough of uncertainty until the military took over at last in 1926.

But the Republicans and the Democrats, although they had themselves failed to deliver the goods, could hardly reconcile themselves with the new dispensation. Their sense of outrage expressed itself in a spate of armed uprisings, small and big, which immediately followed the military take-over. The most forceful and violent of these was the outbreak in February, 1927 which was crushed with ruthless severity.

Students and youths were prominent in the opposition to the military regime. Strikes and protest meetings paralysed the life of the universities. Their teachers made no secret of their sympathy with the students.

Telo and his Goan colleagues watched the scene with growing interest and concern, volunteering their services whenever called for. A protest strike in 1927 had paralysed the Lisbon University causing the loss of a full academic year. The following year Telo joined the University of Coimbra.

Coimbra was once a University town of great reputation and renown. It was the seat of learning and culture and was the hub of a vigorous cultural and intellectual activity. As a student in Pangim Telo had read about life in Coimbra through the works of Eca de Queiroz and Vicente Arnoso. But in Telo's time Coimbra was decidedly not what it used to be in the olden days of Eca and Arnoso. It had lost its old lustre.

One of his teachers at Coimbra was Dr. Antonio de Oliveira Salazar. Dr. Salazar taught Political Economy in the Faculty of Law. He had a wonderful grasp of his subject. Cold

and withdrawn,, his lectures on Political Economy were nevertheless highly instructive and interesting. Outside the class he rarely mixed with the students or they with him. Inside the class they rarely missed his lectures or he their attention. As for the economic ills of Portugal he claimed to have properly diagnosed them and had some foolproof prescriptions of his own to offer. And he longed for an opportunity to administer them.

His opportunity came in 1926. That year the newly installed army regime of General Carmona invited him to take up the finance ministry and sort out the country's bankrupt finances. The learned professor accepted the offer but soon resigned his job and returned to Coimbra on the refusal of the Government to oblige him with larger powers and a freer hand to run the economy. As the state of economy continued to worsen he was sent for again in 1928. This time it was he who called the shots. He got the powers he had demanded.

There is no doubt that Salazar effectively used his powers to save his country from economic bankruptcy. But, all things considered, it was a blatantly bad bargain for Portugal. In putting her absolute trust in Salazar to rescue the economy, the country had bartered away her own freedom.

In 1932 Salazar officially became the country's Prime Minister. The following year he supervised the adoption of the new Constitution promulgated by President Carmona to legitimise his power. And in subsequent years he marched from power to more power until at last there remained no other power in Portugal but his own absolute power.

Exactly a decade earlier Benito Mussolini and his Black Shirts had staged their notorious march on Rome. In Germany Adolf Hitler and his Brown Shirts were poised to drive the last nail in the coffin of the Weimar Republic which they did in 1933. And nearer home in Spain Francisco Franco and his Falangists

were bidding their own time to strike at the root of the Spanish Republic. Democracy in Europe had assuredly fallen on very bad days. And in Mussolini, Hitler and Franco, Salazar was in kindred company.

For the colonies, one unfortunate consequence of Salazar's rise to absolute power was that whatever chance they had of a constitutional advance towards the goal of self-government was forever destroyed. The fall of monarchy and the proclamation of the Republic in Portugal in 1910 had opened up new vistas of liberal change in the colonies no less than in Portugal itself. Hopefully, the Republic had begun to write a new chapter in the history of Portugal and her colonies, a chapter of civil liberties and political rights. Salazar had abruptly cut short that chapter.

IV

India Nova

THROUGH THE CENTURIES, with a view to ensuring the complete subjugation of the ruled, the colonialists in Goa had followed a policy of wholesale annihilation of the native civilisation and culture. In the ruthless and relentless pursuit of this policy, the colonialists had nearly succeeded in destroying whatever cultural bonds that bound Goans to their motherland, India. And though they were not wholly successful in their design, the Portuguese did succeed to an extent in bringing about a measure of alienation and estrangement of Goans from their own culture, and loss of their own moorings.

Notwithstanding the close and living bonds of history, geography, language and culture, India remained a strange and distant entity. The colonial grip extended to family, school, church and practically every other institution. "Aqui e Portugal", said the colonialist, meaning "Here is Portugal", and bent all his energies into transforming Goa into a miniature Portugal.

Ironically enough, for Telo, it was in Portugal that he truly discovered his Indian soul. He and his friends avoidly pored through the works of William Jones, Max Muller, Gustave Le Bom, Silvain Levi, Romain Rolland and other famous Indologists. They spent their leisure hours in the Biblioteca Nacional.

browsing through its thick-stacked shelves, laying their hands on whatever tome that they came by and that had anything to say on India, her history, geography, politics, tradition, civilisation and culture.

The upshot of this activity was a veritable transformation of the whole mental horizon. Thanks to the works of Indologists, Telo and his friends could find their Indian bearings.

It is not that he and his friends were totally unaware of their lineage. But their knowledge of it was limited and perfunctory and they were acutely conscious of this. Now, they had overcome that sorrowful deficiency and were well poised to speak on behalf of that lineage.

The first salvo was fired when Telo despatched to Goa a flaming article with the caption "Death to the Idols', for publication in "O Bharat", edited and published by the dauntless G. P. Hegdo Dessai from Quepem. The article was duly published. Here are some of the extracts from the article which speak for themselves :

"And right from our primary schools they teach us the abominable and vicious falsehood, that Portugal is our motherland and that we are Portuguese; they do not teach us that India—our unique and beautiful land—is a country of most beautiful traditions and that our civilisation held the whole world spellbound when Portugal was still inhabited by nomads and barbarians and Greece and Rome were still in the cradle of civilisation. They teach us to admire and honour the Portuguese adventurers, our tyrants, the profaners of our homes and hearths, the intruders into our families, the violators of our laws, the invaders of our motherland; they do not teach us that it is they who invaded our country, they who burnt our crops, they who introduced the germ of discord .....they teach us the history of Portugal keeping us in ignorance of our own race and the epic deeds of our own ancestors ..... "

"The day, the cult of our own traditions and customs and our language are inscribed in our hearts will be the day when the false idols imposed for our worship shall have died."*

Quite predictably, the article caused a flutter in official dovecotes. A criminal proceeding was launched against the writer of the article and the publisher of 'O Bharat'. Undeterred by the pending prosecution, "O Bharat" in a subsequent issue carried an open letter from Telo's friends and colleagues in Portugal Antonio Furtado, Benedito Fulgencio Brito, F. Piedade da Costa, Antonio Prazeres da Costa, Antonio Jose Antao and Druston Rodrigues, praising the writer of the article and its publisher, condemning the attempted posecution and expressing their sense of solidarity with them.

Telo's article had appeared in "O Bharat" in its issue of 4th November 1926, that is, five months and a week after the military had replaced the civilian government in Portugal and begun their iron rule.

In Portugal, Telo was summoned to the criminal court of Boa Hora in Lisbon to answer the charge. His defence was done by his colleague Antonio Furtado who argued that Telo after all had said nothing that was not said before and that he was only repeating what a good many Portuguese historians themselves had said.

Telo was let off with an admonition and for the time being that was the end of the matter. The authorities probably thought he was too callow a youth to be taken seriously. This was in 1926. Thirty six years later in 1962 he was to go to Boa Hora again, to answer much more serious charges.

Despite the admonition Telo persisted in writing for 'O Bharat'. Occasionally he also sent articles to "A India Portuguesa". Govinda Hedgo Dessai of "O Bharat" and Fr. Antonio Gregorio

*O Bharat, 7-12-1926

da Costa of "A India Portuguesa" watched with growing interest and admiration the activities of the young Goan enthusiasts in Lisbon and gave them wide publicity in their journals, risking their all.

Already, the nationalist yearnings of Telo and friends had blossomed forth into the foundation of the Centro Nacionalista Hindu (Hindu Nationalist Centre). Inaugurated on January 27, 1926, the CNH was more than a meeting place. It was a sounding board for the propagation of the nationalist cause.

The use of the word "Hindu" in the designation of the Centre was deliberate. It was another way of saying "Indian". But working as they did under the very nose of the colonialist it was safer to use the word "Hindu" with its cultural connotation and carry on the activities in a low key than brashly employ the term Indian with its undisguised political implication and invite trouble. Moreover, the term "Hindu" seemed to fill an actuely-felt sentimental void. The word had a refreshingly oriental ring. It exercised great fascination over Telo's generation of Goans studying in distant Portugal. Adeodato Barreto, one of the prominent members of the group, later wrote a book on India's civilisation which he styled as "Civilizacao Hindu". Telo himself wrote a book cataloguing India's great women of yore which he titled as "A Mulher Hindu".

When Telo left Lisbon and went to Coimbra, he met other Goan students who were like him equally proud of their Indian heritage. Outstanding among them was Adeodato Barreto,* a young Goan of great promise who by his qualities of head and heart had distinguished himself in the academic world of Coimbra and another law student, Jose Paulo Teles. They took the lead and with the blessing and encouragement of some of the more progressive-minded professors of the University of Coimbra, established in 1928 the Indian Institute, attached to the Uni-

*"Adeodato Barreto died in Lisbon at the age of 32.

versity's Arts Faculty, for the study of India's history and philosophy.

A journal "India Nova" was started under the auspices of the Institute. "The main object of the Indian Institute and "India Nova" was to project the image of Goa and Mother India. Their main concern was to rejuvenate our race, reinvigorate its pristine virtues, purify it of the stigma of slavery and finally to wage a relentless campaign for the dissemination of Indian spiritualism throughout the European world with a view to imparting its sweet fragrance to mitigate the vulgarity of grossly materialistic civilisation. The "India Nova" aimed at the dissemination of the oriental civilisation and humanism in the intellectual milieu of Portugal."*

Messages lauding their initiative were received from Tagore, Romain Rolland and Silvain Levi with whom the group was in constant correspondence. The first issue of "India Nova" was out on 7th of May, 1928 and carried the following letter from Tagore to the organising committee :

"The work that you have just launched under the auspices of the Indian Institute has the same range and vision as the very objectives that Viswabharati, the International University founded by me at Shantiniketan has. I am in full accord with the aims of the Institute and I give it my enthusiastic, sincere and warm support".

Silvain Levi in his message said, "I myself have sought to establish an Institute of Indian civilisation in Paris which I hope shall be the nucleus of a future Franco-Indian Home. You can count on all my sympathy and my warmest applause".

Blessing their effort Romain Rolland wrote : "You have my entire sympathy for the mission you have undertaken to enligh-

*"Adeodato Barreto" by Prof. Lucio de Miranda

ten the Portuguese people deprived of the splendid light of your brothers of that heroic race of Tagore, Gandhi, Aurbindo Ghose, Jagdish Chandra Bose.....this galaxy of genii of whom not only your race but entire humanity can be proud. ....

My young Indian friends of the University of Coimbra ! I extend my warm handshake to each one of you.

Be proud of your glorious Motherland ; I love India and I venerate her."

The "India Nova" was open to Goan writers in Goa as well as in Portugal. Again, it was not confined to writing in Portuguese. True to its name and commitment, a full page of "India Nova" was thrown open to writers in Konkani. The following appeal appeared in the first issue :

"We particularly request our readers who have the flair for writing in Konkani to collaborate with us in this page which is wholly dedicated to the defence and development of this language".

Altogether only six issues of 'India Nova' could come out in print. This part of the activity of the Indian Institute came to an abrupt stop due to lack of funds. The last issue came out on the 31st of May 1929 on the occasion of the birth centenary of Francisco Luis Gomes and was dedicated to the memory of the great Goan savant and avant-garde of Indian nationalism.

V

The Bar, the Bench, and at Home

HAVING PASSED THE last test of the course prescribed by the Faculty of Law, Telo received the charter with sacramental words in Latin—"Palam Testamur" on parchment printed in golden letters with a red ribbon and the seal of the University.

The post of the Public Prosecutor for which he had applied required his going through a brief probationary period and appearing for other sundry tests which he did and Telo was appointed Public Prosecutor in a judicial district of Alentejo. His stint as public prosecutor lasted for barely three years. Soon he was tired of the job which he found unexciting. Besides, his job kept him busy round the clock sparing him no leisure for independent activities, not even for reading or writing. So he opted for the profession of the Notary Public, a calling he found more interesting and at the same time independent. Besides, he could also start his practice at the bar.

As notary public he was posted in a judicial district of Algarve and subsequently at Ourique in Alentejo. His new job gave him plenty of leisure to indulge his taste for literature. He read a lot, more particularly on India, his spiritual home from whose history and tradition and culture fate had segregated him. By all means he was determined to undo the accident of that fact and to re-establish his Indian heritage.

Reading was not his only occupation during his spare time.

He wrote a great deal, again on his favourite theme of India. His great preoccupation during those years was to introduce to Portugal the literary wealth in Sanskrit and other Indian languages. He translated *Kalidasa's Shakuntala, Shudraka's* Mrichchakatika from the French into Portuguese and *Kathasaritsagara of Somadeva.*

And it was not only the literature of ancient India that he presented to the Portuguese reader. In translating the works of Tagore like the "The Home And The World". "The Wreck", "Chaturang" and "Mashi" and the autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi he conveyed to the Portuguese nation the message of modern India. It is through him that Portugal came to know Tagore and Gandhi, the finest products of modern India.

Translating gems of ancient and modern Indian literature in Portuguese was itself work of no small magnitude. But he did much more to project the image of India. He wrote original works on the Indian themes to justly merit the appellation of being India's unofficial cultural ambassador to Portugal.

He wrote "Rabindranath Tagore e a sua mensagem espiritual" (Rabindranath Tagore and his spiritual message), in which he succintly sums up the philosophy of India's great bard. In a "Mulher Hindu" (Hindu Woman) he portrays the life and work of great Indian women of yore like Sita, Savitri, Damayanti, Shakuntala and Mirabai. As if to drive home the point that India continues the tradition of producing women of great worth and merit, the book also includes a vignette of Sarojini Naidu, India's nightingale. "A Mulher Hindu" also contains chapters on classical Indian music, dance, theatre and literature. In "Rama e Sita" (Rama and Sita) he recounts the story of Ramayana and in his "Kailasha" he tells his Portuguese readers tales and legends of Hindustan.

There is no doubt that Indo-Portuguese contact was an unmitigated evil on the political plane. However, at the cultural level,

it was a different story. There was much give-and-take between the two peoples leading to a happy two-way cultural traffic. Portuguese classical literature caught the imagination of Goans. And in a like manner, sensitive Portuguese citizens were greatly fascinated by Indian civilisation and culture. Garcia de Orta, Cunha Rivara, Conde de Ficalho, Brito Camacho, Antonio Sergio are only a few among a host of Portuguese intellectuals and thinkers on whom India cast a magnificient spell and who have paid rich tributes to her civilisation.

Meanwhile, Telo had fallen in love with a Portuguese girl, their love eventually maturing into marriage. Two daughters were born of the marriage. The elder was named Padmini and the younger Laksmi, names highly evocative of the proud tradition and history of India. And as he gave them Indian names, he also saw to their gradual initiation into the Indian heritage, a heritage that was his birthright and that had eluded him in his own childhood. Significantly he dedicated the book "Hindu Woman" to Laksmibai Devi, his second daughter, "so that she may be a mirror of what a woman should be".

The children became the centre of his love and affection. But soon tragedy struck the family. His firstborn, Padmini, died of pneumonia. "A cold she caught one chilly winter suddenly developed into pneumonia that corroded her lungs and body like a flame consuming a rosebud". The blow was hard to bear. "She was like a tropical flower, scented, delicate and sensitive, hardly blossoming to life".* Telo could never fully recover from the shock.

Soon Telo's marriage itself went on the rocks. Husband and wife found it difficult to stay together and they were divorced. Telo saw to his daughter's needs and her education. Laksmi

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When The Margo Trees Blossomed "—Page 83.
*Garcia de Orta e o seu tempo, 1886

was happily married in Lisbon and grew to be a successful school teacher. Father and daughter were emotionally close till the end.

Despite long years of association with the country, Telo could not really identify himself with Portugal or feel at home in that land. More and more he felt like a fish out of water. Although he regarded himself as partly a product of Portuguese culture and was grateful to it, he felt no emotional attachment to that country. He craved for India, his sole passion and constant preoccupation. Time and distance only added a new edge to his craving.

Simultaneously, he became acutely conscious of his own somewhat passive role in relation to his country. In far-away India history was definitely on the march. Freedom had come at last in August 1947. Hailing that freedom, Jawaharlal Nehru had feelingly spoken of India's fulfilment of her tryst with destiny and exhorted his countrymen to take a pledge to rededicate themselves to the service of India and to the still larger cause of humanity. Those were words which struck a deep chord in the hearts of millions of his countrymen, in India and abroad.

Yet that freedom had eluded Telo's own Goa. He had heard of the great upsurge of 18th of June 1946 led by Dr. Ram Manohar Lohia and had wished he were there on that historic occasion. The urge to return to India and jump into the fray of Goa's freedom struggle was perennial. But now, what with the epoch-making events taking place in the sub-continent he could no more resist that urge. "I was feeling like a racehorse quivering to start the race. I did not want to die in the skin of a public servant, but to make my contribution towards the fulfilment of my birth right".*

*"When The Mango Trees Blossomed" — Page 88.

Time was running out and he did not want to wait longer. The race had already started. He forthwith applied for long leave to go to Goa. The leave was granted and on the 31st of August 1948 Telo left Portugal to return to India to start his race for freedom.

VI

To India with a Mission

TRAVELLING IN A TWA Skymaster, Telo reached Bombay on 2nd September, 1948. He had not been to Bombay before nor was he acquainted with any other part of India except Goa. He was past mid-age. More than 25 of his 48 years were spent in Portugal. Yet emotionally and spiritually he felt quite at one with India.

Henceforth India was to be his field of action, his Karmabhoomi. Yet his knowledge of the country and its people was largely borrowed and bookish. The real, living India he had had no occasion to see first hand. How could he settle down to work in a milieu so unfamiliar ?

Being conscious of this deficiency, almost the first thing he did on his arrival was to undertake a whirlwind tour of the country. He travelled across the length and breadth of the subcontinent, meeting and mixing with the people, talking to them, and familiarising himself with them and their ways. He travelled third class on the railways, wriggling into crowded compartments and rubbing his shoulders with India's meek and the lowly, often thrusting his nose into them both to their amusement and embarassment. Among the places he visited in this pilgrimage all over India were Hyderabad at the time of the Police Action, Ajanta and Ellora, Lucknow and Delhi. At Lucknow, he met Sarojini Naidu, the then Governor of Uttar Pra-

desh. As a poet, Telo saw in India's nightingale a kindred spirit. He told her about his plans to stay on in India and to devote himself to the cause of Goa for which he sought her blessings. In Delhi for the first time he met another great Indian who was the object of his constant admiration and adoration...Jawaharlal Nehru.

Having thus roved over India, Telo felt homesick for Goa to which a visit in fact was long overdue.

Since he had left for Portugal in the early twenties, much water had flowed down the Mandovi. Until the middle of June 1946, it was all calm and quiet on the political front of Goa. At a time when history was on the march in the rest of the subcontinent with the national movement scaling ever new heights of glory and adventure, nothing seemed to move under Salazar's dispensation in Goa.

Let alone any active participation, Goans were debarred from making even a silent show of solidarity with their countrymen across the border. They felt forlorn and forsaken. It was not given to them to share in the glory and adventure, the thrill and excitement of the Indian freedom struggle. Theirs was only a vicarious experience.

Nevertheless, they too were impatient for change. Their pent-up feelings and bottled discontent waited for a suitable moment to explode into an open defiance of authority.

That moment finally came on the rain-drenched day of the 18th June, 1946. On the evening of that day Dr. Ram Manohar Lohia fired the first shot in what was fated to be a continuing fusillade of revolutionary fire that was not to quench until its leaping tongue had finally consumed the colonialist.

Early in June Dr. Lohia had come down to Goa at the invitation of Dr. Julio Menezes, an old mate and colleague at the University of Berlin. The visit was casual, intended as it was

for rest and recreation. Neither the host nor the guest anticipated that a visit so casual and innocent could by any stretch of the imagination be pregnant with revolutionary possibilities But it was.

Visitors from far and near in Goa streamed into Dr. Menezes' house the moment they learnt of Dr. Lohia's presence. They told him their tale of woe, describing to him how they suffered and smarted under a regime heartlessly insensitive to the humblest of man's civic needs. Lohia had heard of it before but now he saw and confirmed it with his own eyes. Moved by their plaint, the hero of the Quit India Movement decided to act. He would break the ban on civil liberties.

Huge crowds poured into Margao when word spread from mouth to mouth that Dr. Lohia would address a public meeting in town on the evening of the 18th. At 4.30 p.m. Dr. Lohia, accompanied by Dr. Julio Menezes, alighted from a victoria. A panicky Captain Miranda, the administrator of Salcete, instructed the twosome to go back in the same carriage. Unmindful, the two walked to the venue of the proposed meeting.

Presently Dr. Lohia began reading his written address. He had hardly begun when Captain Miranda thrust himself forward through the crowd and held his pistol close to his chest. Dr. Lohia brushed aside the pistol and the Captain himself and proceeded with his speech. Before he could complete he was put under arrest along with Dr. Julio Menezes and whisked off to the nearby police station. Goa's civil disobedience movement had begun.

Dr. Lohia's arrest was a signal for a mighty mass defiance. Popular response to his lead was instant and spontaneous. With or without him, the meeting continued, the crowds cheered, slogans rent the air, the police beat, heads bled and more arrests followed. In an inspired moment of patriotism, and cutting all barriers of class and caste, women jostled with men, and child-

ren vied with both to brave the blows of the police. An upsurge on so massive a scale and so magnificent Goa had not witnessed before nor was another of its kind to glorify the subsequent history of the Goan freedom struggle. By a flick of his finger, so to say, Lohia had brought Goa's pent-up passion into the open and pushed its straggling struggle for freedom abreast that of India. It was a day to remember.

After the significant events of 1946, the Goa Telo came to, in the late forties, was way different from the Goa he had left in the early twenties. Severe repression by the Government had interrupted the mass movement of 1946. But it was a temporary halt, a halt midway in a journey that had definitely begun and was to continue. Politically, Goa had arrived.

For Telo it was also Goa with another difference, a difference that was personal and one that touched his filial chord. His aged mother lay ailing in a Bombay clinic.* Uncle Bernard, after a lifetime's dedication to music had passed away in distant Burmah. Uncle Basilio had in the meanwhile returned from his Prelacy in Africa and died in Panjim in 1937. He alone remained of the family in Goa.

He was not quite alone. At Velsao there was still something more that survived to remind him of those olden days. "I found my house closed down and decaying, but the shady old palm-trees surrounding it, with which I had been acquainted since my childhood, were still standing. I touched them and talked to them as though they were familiar human beings. I went to Majorda to visit my 'second family' at whose home I had first gone to school. There I only met two of the sisters. Their mother and their eldest sister had died long ago. They received me with joy and happiness as a brother, so warm was

*Maria Leocadia died in November, 1950.

our mutual affection. My old room, so familiar to me, was still there with the same furniture, the same book-case with moth-eaten books and the same pictures that had faded owing to time and moisture."**

No sooner the authorities came to know of his arrival than they were put on their alert. His recent associations in Bombay and elsewhere in the country had made him highly suspect. His name figured high on their black-list. They had also come by much incriminating material like the manuscripts, messages and poems he had sent from Bombay to the local press. The police were now on his tracks and watchful.

One morning two agents of the police came at Velsao to summon him to the police station at Margao. Telo did not accept the summons. His case was that he was still a public official in Portugal attached to the Ministry of Justice and on leave in India and could not in that position go to any police station or court without the sanction of that Ministry. Consequently, a warrant was issued for his arrest.

Telo was taken to the police station at Margao where the police chief interrogated him and recorded his statement.

For the time being there was no more interference. Telo's involvement in politics was not yet too deep or marked to call for more serious action. Nothing stood in the way of his desire to return to Bombay.

**"When The Mango Trees Blossomed"—Page 143, 144.

VII

Into the Storm

TO GOANS THEN as now Bombay has always been a second home. After 1946, due to severe repression of their struggle at home, the political centre of gravity gradually shifted from Goa to Bombay. The great metropolis came to be the home and haunt of the nationalist agitation. Parties and fronts sprung like mushrooms, each touting its own philosophy and line of action.

It was in Bombay then that Telo resolved to settle down and work for the liberation of Goa. He joined the National Congress (Goa) and had the honour of being promptly elected to its executive. Founded in 1946 at Londha on the Indian side of the border, the National Congress (Goa) was the oldest and the most established among the political forces then working for liberation. The Congress was modelled on and took its cue from the great Indian National Congress with which it maintained a close liaison. Wedded to nationalism, secularism and non-violence, the National Congress (Goa) was easily Telo's first choice.

Simultaneously, to earn his living, Telo started his legal practice in Daman on the advice of Dr. Jose Teles who himself had built up a large clientele in that overland Portuguese pocket. All went well for some time but soon Telo got scent of a conspiracy that was cooking at the instance of Governor Quintanilha to incarcerate him and Telo had to quit Daman.

After the trauma of 1946, the authorities back in Goa were in no mood to take any chances. Lest he should be caught on the wrong foot again, Salazar had rushed into the territory large contingents of expeditionary troops, black and white. All Goa resembled a vast military camp. Fear and panic took hold of the populace as the troops roamed and rampaged as if in occupied territory. It was a virtual reign of terror. Telo himself had a bitter taste of it during his recent brief visit to Goa.

In August 1949, feeling that some sort of dialogue might help break the deadlock and put the authorities in a more reasonable frame of mind, Telo addressed the following open letter to Salazar, the Portuguese Prime Minister :—"To the President of the Council of Ministers of the Portuguese Government :

Dr. Antonio de Oliveira Salazar,

Knowing Your Excellency (by virtue of having been your pupil at the University of Coimbra and having lived in Portugal during the past 25 years) to be a man of great gifts of character and intelligence who has studied the most abstruse social and political problems, with practical good sense and vision, I wish to convey to your Excellency this Message and Appeal in the name of the people of Goa, confident that I express their thought with accuracy and fidelity

Goa is a part of India which has been administered by Portugal for about four hundred years. But Excellency, this right to dominate, like all rights over a foreign people with distinct culture, customs and traditions and over a country separated from the central power by thousands of miles, is precarious. The Portuguese domination in India is not without precedent. Several centuries before the Portuguese landed in India, foreign people invaded our country, dominated it and passed away to their destined end, but India has survived maintaining unsullied her ancient institutions, her tradition, her beliefs and her ethnic

fundamentals, as if she had passed through a bad dream. In like manner the Portuguese dominion in India will pass away because there is no human force capable of arresting or thwarting the supreme designs of Destiny.

Your Excellency, who are profoundly religious, must have felt in depths of your conscience that to dominate a people against their will is to offend the fundamental principle of human dignity which is a reflection of God. And there are no reasons, historical or political, which can justify such a crime. The silence of the people of Goa does not mean acquiescence to the Portuguese rule but results from the actions of the Portuguese authorities in stifling the most elementary civil rights such as the freedom of thought, association and assembly. A mere "Jai Hind" constitutes a grave crime punishable with imprisonment. Civil liberties have been completely abolished in Goa thereby compelling many of her sons to live in exile, like the undersigned. But nationalism is a smouldering fire which will break out one day with all its fury from beneath the ashes that conceal it and give it the appearance of a quiet disquiet and resignation, if it continues to be smothered by such inhuman methods.

The existence of the expeditionary force in Goa, with all their war-like paraphernalia not only perturbs the spirit of the people, through the atmosphere of intimidation and terror, but also aggravates the economic situation of the country, besides giving rise to inevitable and pernicious consequences of a moral and social nature, which should be repugnant to your Catholic conscience.

India together with the entire East is emancipating itself from foreign domination of the dying colonial systems, because she had regained the consciousness of her mission in the world in the service of Humanity. One of our greatest intellectuals, Rabindranath Tagore, wanted India to be free, but free to fulfil the role which is hers in the History of Humanity. Also Goa,

like the rest of India, wants to serve Humanity not excluding Portugal, but as an equal, as a brother to brother.

With the withdrawal of the Portuguese from Goa, our culture, our beliefs, and our moral and spiritual heritage will not be in danger, as one might suppose and as certain malevolent people have wanted to insinuate. And in this context the Government of India as well as the Indian National Congress have fully reassured us, the latter in their Jaipur session of December last. Independent Goa will enjoy complete autonomy in the bosom of Greater India, Free and United, and shall consider Portugal as an elder brother who has his home far away, overseas, and is remembered with tenderness and affection. We prefer, therefore, that the Portuguese leave us as good friends, leaving in us sweet remembrances rather than as enemies wanting to defend a outrance an iniquity which they suppose to be their right and which will end up by dividing home and hearts.

This is, Your Excellency, in short, the Message and Appeal which the people of Goa transmit to You, a Message and Appeal which should be clear to the great and enlightened mind of Your Excellency, and I feel assured of a favourable solution of this vital problem of the painful situation of the people of Goa who want to be free by having our political prisoners set free; by having expeditionary forces withdrawn, civil liberties restored and finally by attaining full INDEPENDENCE.

25th August, 1949

This Message and Appeal is placed in the hands of Your Excellency very respectfully, by :

Telo de Mascarenhas, of the
Working Committee of the National Congress (Goa)*

Salazar of course was unmoved. His ego and self-righteous-

*Goa Freedom Struggle (1944-60) Vol.VIII. Part I. Collected from The Maharashtra Government Records, edited by Dr. B.G. Kunte ,Page 134.

ness made him quite impervious to the kind of reasoning put forth in the message.

To make matters worse, on the very day it was received in Lisbon Telo's message to Salazar was flashed across the world by Radio Moscow. The broadcast was quite a God-send to Salazar who quickly seized on it to dub Telo as a fellow-traveller. Salazar knew no better way of slandering an opponent and discrediting him than by branding him as a communist. And not to be left behind, Governor Quintanilha presided over a huge stage-managed rally in Goa at which speeches were made and resolutions passed criticising and condemning the man who had the effrontery to address an open letter to Dr. Salazar.

Disillusioned by the short shrift given to his message and feeling deeply hurt and disappointed, Telo reacted by publishing a plethora of pamphlets containing flaming denunciations of the evil of Portuguese colonialism. By the turn of the year, the occasional, random pamphleteering had made way for the regular and more systematic publication of "Ressurge, Goa!", a fortnightly destined to be the *bete noire* of the Portuguese colonialism.

Evidently Telo was moving too far and too fast for the peace of Salazar. So the dictator finally resolved to put his foot down. Technically Telo was still an employee of the Ministry of Justice in Portugal. He was away from his desk supposedly on long leave. It would therefore be perfectly in order for the Ministry of Justice to ask him to report himself back at the Ministry.

In April 1951 Telo received a notification through the Portuguese consulate-general in Bombay. It read:

"On behalf of the General Directorate of the Ministry of Justice, I ask you to be present in the shortest time possible at the General Directorate, in Lisbon."

(Sd) Armando de Castro e Alvim"

Telo's response was straight and clear. He paid no heed to the summons. He no longer owed any allegiance to Portugal. His recent open activities in India spoke for themselves. His commitment to nationalism and his determination to fight its battle from the national mainland was final and irrevocable. Now there was no going back.

He was promptly dismissed from service.

VIII

Goa, Surge Et Ambula

We shall build over the land,

We shall build over the sea,

We shall build in the air,

We shall build in the sands,

We shall build on the stone,

We shall build on the ruins,

We shall build on in the stars,

(The Motto of "Ressurge, Goa!)

The Journal "Ressurge, Goa" constitutes Telo's biggest single title to claim and fame as a freedom fighter. It supplied a necessary philosophical and ideological context to the Goan struggle for freedom. Telo was essentially a man of ideas and he had the necessary power and the punch to put them across with telling effect.

The name itself "Arise, Goa!" thundered with magic and magnetism and tersely summed up the mission of its founder. It was a clarion call to Goans to arise from their deep slumber and press forward toward the mark.

*"When the Mango Trees Blossomed" Page 155

Quite auspiciously, the first issue of "Ressurge, Goa!" saw the light of day on the 26th January 1950, the historic day on which India was proclaimed a Sovereign Democratic Republic. To Telo there could have been no more fitting and suitable occasion to launch his project. He was understandably thrilled.

But despite the thrill and the throb, the running of the journal was by no means an easy task. It had to be largely a one-man show all the way from collecting the news to getting the issue in print. Telo was the owner, director, editor, proofreader, printer and publisher all rolled into one. "Apart from some help with regard to current news that I received from the back door from Goa, from my friends and sympathisers, I had to prepare the whole issue from the first to the last page".

Nor was getting the news the only difficulty. Quite a good outlay was required to ensure the uninterrupted publication of the paper. Short of providing the funds, highly placed friends and admirers like Mr. M. D. Bhat, Chief Secretary to the Government of Bombay and Mr. P. M. Lad, Legal Remembrancer to that Government gave all manner of help to Telo. Some monetary assistance also came from the Government of India. Still money was a problem.

But whatever the hurdles, Telo was surely not the man to give in once an idea got into his head. Back in Goa he had inherited some ancestral property. He raised the money by selling a substantial chunk of that property.

"Ressurge, Goa!" was a fortnightly. It was trilingual, the same news items and feature articles appearing in Portuguese, English and Konkani. The idea was to cater to as large a cross-section of the reading public as possible.

"Resurge, Goa!" was intended to be an organ of the Goan people and it was. It was dedicated to the renaissance of Goa. Telo himself looked to the journal as a revival of an age-old tradition, "interrupted but not altogether effaced, initiated in the late 1920's by the publication of "India Nova" from Coimbra by a devoted band of patriotic university students in Portugal". It was thus the extension of an old activity. "Ressurge, Goa !" was part of a continuing crusade.

For centuries, lack of adequate opportunities at home had forced thousands of Goans to leave their beloved land and migrate to different parts of the globe in search of better prospects. Physical detachment brought about loss of moorings. Among other things it was the aim of "Ressurge, Goa!", to restore such Goans to a consciousness of their own being and identity and arouse in them a sense of belonging. In Telo's own words, "Ressurge, Goa!" would meet "the need for an organ that will take the Goan a long way toward mitigating the bitterness of his distressed life of an emigrant."

In the opening issue Telo clearly spelt out the mission of the journal in the following words :

"With the publication of this journal we propose to revive an age-old tradition, interrupted but not altogether effaced, initiated in the late 1920's by the publication of "India Nova" from Coimbra by a devoted band of patriotic Goan university students in Portugal."

"The same spirit and the same ardour shall animate this journal which is dedicated to the renaissance of our beloved Goa. "Ressurge, Goa!" is dedicated to the revival of our lost tradition, our cherished institutions and language, raising thereby the mental, moral and economic standard of Goa so that she might be rehabilitated as she was in the hoary past".

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1 "Ressurge, Goa ! ", 26-1-50

True to its title and its professed ideals, "Ressurge, Goa!" did play its part in the Goan renaissance. Without doubt, the main thrust of the journal was political, addressing as it did to the immediate task of liberation of Goa from the colonial yoke. But the paper also carried features and articles on art, literature, culture and practically on every subject under the Sun. Many things mattered in life other than politics.

Like most of his published works Telo wrote his leaders in Portuguese. His diction in Portuguese was superb, his command of the language masterly. His editorials combined style with substance, learning with satire. "Ressurge, Goa" commanded attention.

The journal was an instant success. Copies of the fortnightly sold like hot cakes no sooner they came on the newstands.

Needless to say, the Government promptly imposed a blanket ban on the paper in Goa. Nevertheless, thanks to a band of devoted workers like Thomas Dias, L. Saldanha, Edward Rodrigues etc. it was sneaked into the territory and was circulated clandestinely from hand to hand.

Nor was the circulation of the paper and its range of vision limited to Goa and India. Telo saw the Goan problem in the larger context of Portuguese colonialism in the whole world, of which Goa was only a showpiece. His crusade against colonialism was by no means confined to Goa or else it would have been no true crusade. No wonder that the people in the Portuguese colonies other than Goa looked upon the paper as their own mouthpiece and as a champion of their own cause. "Ressurge, Goa" found its way as far as Portugal and her farflung colonies and Brazil and indeed everywhere in the world where Portuguese language was known.

In Kenya, where "Ressurge, Goa!" was very popular, the paper was banned by the British Government for its anti-colonial overtones. Commenting on the ban Telo wrote: "The mission

"Ressurge, Goa!,"—26-1-50

of "Ressurge, Goa" has even transcended its own aspirations, as it had systematically defended the cause of all oppressed people, be they in Asia or in Africa. And the recent ban imposed by the Kenya Government on the paper, goes to prove that our efforts for the emancipation of all people from colonial yoke have not been in vain. It is indeed a great triumph for this journal, this ban by the Kenya Government, as it attests that it is not only the Portuguese imperialists, lords of Goa, but even the British imperialists, masters of a great empire that have been shaken by the candid and forthright exposures made in the columns of their nefarious and cruel regimes".*

And the colonialist too, no less than the colonised, read the paper. Copies of it could be found on the desk of Salazar himself.

Despite strong temptations to play to the gallery, "Ressurge, Goa!" never swerved from professional propriety but always kept to high standards of journalism. There was no place for sensational writing, no cheap humour, no hankering after cheap popularity. What mattered was solely the cause and the principle, neither persons nor personalities. And when it came to the crunch, neither friends were spared from criticism nor foes denied the credit it and when they deserved it.

Apart from his editorials, "Ressurge Goa!" carried a regular column by Telo under the caption "Algemas e Grilhetas" containing satirical broadsides against the colonialist. The articles were later brought out in book form.

Telo's writings in "Ressurge, Goa" and his widely-read book "Algemas e Grilhetas"** were to form the gravamen of the charge-sheet served on him later on in Portugal.

*"Ressurge, Goa"!— 30-1-54
**"Handcuffs and Shackles."

IX

A New Phase

DR. LOHIA'S INITIATIVE in breaking the silence in June 1946 marks the great divide in the history of the Goan freedom struggle. Henceforth the struggle acquires a certain sequence and continuity it had not attained before. No doubt, there are turns and twists along the road but the road itself leads straight to liberation. There is no dead end. That phase of the struggle, the phase in which things moved by fits and starts, has now come to a close. A new and militant phase has begun. Lohia inaugurated the modern phase of Goa's liberation movement.

The Civil Disobedience Movement launched in June 1946 continued in full swing till November of that crucial year. Then, what with the severe repression by the Government and the arrest and deportation of prominent leaders, the tide began to turn. During that half year, about 1,500 persons were arrested, tortured and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment for defying the ban on civil liberties.

In the meanwhile, India had swung into action on the diplomatic front. Following the British withdrawal and the peaceful transfer of power in 1947 Nehru had hoped that Portugal would have the good sense to follow suit. In any case, it was hoped that Portugal would at least be willing to hold talks on the future of the Portuguese pockets in India. With that hope, India had opened a Legation in Lisbon in 1949 to establish contact for a negotiated settlement.

To Telo's mind, this was plainly an exercise in futility. Whatever knowledge he had of the nature and character of Portuguese colonialism and whatever insight he had gained into the working of the mind of the colonialist had fully convinced him of the uselessness of the diplomatic method. "It would be excessive good faith", he wrote in "Ressurge Goa !", to hope that the Portuguese will restore to India as a mere diplomatic gesture that part of it which they have despoiled in the name of God and civilisation."

His was a correct prognosis. Repeated overtures by India for some sort of accommodation on the question were contemptuously turned down by Lisbon no sooner they were made. Let alone discuss the question, Salazar would not even admit to its existence.

A dyed-in-the wool imperialist, Salazar never took note of the winds of change blowing across the world. An archprotagonist of the old order, he could never reconcile himself to the prospect of losing his colonial holdings, much less Goa which he considered as the very linchpin of the imperial edifice.

As if to drive home the point, from 1951 he stopped referring to Goa and other territories as colonies. They were "the overseas provinces of Portugal" and therefore an integral part of Portugal herself. Neither India nor any other power had any *locus standi* in the matter.

Faced with such intransigence, India closed down her legation in Lisbon in June 1953.

Commenting on this rigid stance of Portugal Telo wrote, "The case of Goa, is a litigation between two sovereign nations—Portugal, which, alleging reasons of sentiment and culture wishes at all cost to maintain its power over Goa, Daman and Diu and India, which, alleging reasons of historical, ethnical, geographical and cultural nature wishes to reown

(End of the first phase), Ressurge, Goa, 15-10-53
(The Gospel of the Sword), Ressurge, Goa, 25-5-50.

that which rightfully belongs to her. And between two litigants there cannot exist amity and goodwill:"

Failure of the diplomatic method drove Goans to seek fresh initiatives and tackle the situation on their own. An Action Committee that was to mobilise diverse forces working for liberation from within and without Goa and to coordinate their activities was formed. The Committee at once drew up a plan for a mass satyagraha to be offered in Goa.

Telo was among those who had conceived and brought into being the Action Committee. But when the plan for a satyagraha was mooted he expressed strong reservations about it. He was of the view that "Satygraha is a good measure for saints and martyrs, a method always victorious when employed against an adversary who knows to respect its noble spiritualism but would give the authorities in Goa excellent opportunity to display their most inhuman methods. The Goan nationalists are neither saints nor martyrs, but men capable of giving and taking even in an unequal fight. The satyagraha would give our adversary the idea that we are mendicants and as such they would treat us, when our intent and purpose is not to beg but to wrench from their hands a patrimony that is ours by right".*

Whatever one had to say for or against this approach, time was soon to show that his appraisal of the manner in which the Portuguese could possibility react to a satyagraha was precise and accurate. And yet while he had his own reservations about the efficacy of satyagraha in Goa, he did not oppose but in fact blessed the efforts of those who had plumped for that line of action.

The proposed march was to take place on the 15th of August, 1954, anniversary of Indian Independence. Large numbers of people, Goan and non-Goan, had come forward

*(Words and Action'), "Ressurge, Goa!" 30-7-54.

to enrol themselves as volunteers. As preparations went ahead, a new mood of confidence took the place of the old feeling of diffidence. Despair and pessimism made way for hope and optimism.

Events of the succeeding months were only to reinforce the new mood of hope and optimism. In July 1954, a small group of commandos occupied the wayside Portuguese 'enclave of Dadra near Daman and hoisted the Indian flag. Within days, the adjoining bigger territory of Nagar Haveli with its capital at Sylvassa had fallen to the militant nationalists. After all it was not difficult! And the commandos had met with no significant resistance!

Telo saw in these events a refreshing evidence of the power and capacity of his people to work out their own solutions. He had no faith in diplomacy to deliver the goods. Nor, as far as the Portuguese were concerned did he believe in the efficacy of the weapon of satyagraha. According to him, there were two ways that could lead to the liberation of Goa. The first was for India to view the problem from the perspective of her own overall security and sovereignty and weed out the foreign pockets. The second was for Goans themselves to do it through an armed struggle with the backing of India. The first solution was out of the question, at any rate for the time being. The second was difficult but not impossible. Dadra and Nagar Haveli had shown the way.

"Half a dozen victories of this kind", he wrote hailing the victory of the commandos, "And the imperialists will soon realise that Goans were not afraid of force, that they do not subscribe to non-violence, that on the issue of freedom of their homeland they are prepared to even die". Once again he reminded the apostles of the satyagraha that "They should now be convinced that it is not with non-violence that they can meet the blind and inhuman violence of our opponent but by opposing it with still greater force."

Meanwhile, the satyagrahis were ready to begin their scheduled march on August 15. Their enthusiasm was a bit dampened when on the eve of the 'D-Day", the Government of India barred Indians from participating in the march. The satyagraha had to be strictly a Goan affair.

Despite the damper, three batches of unarmed Goans flaunting the tricolor entered Goa from three different points at the border. The marchers from Majali and Banda were arrested and taken into custody no sooner they effected their entry. But better success attended the Tiracol batch reaching from the north. There the marchers penetrated fairly deep into the territory, occupied the fort after overpowering the guards on duty and hoisted the tricolor. The following day the Portuguese reoccupied the fort, killing one satyagrahi and injuring twelve others in the encounter.

Synchronising their action with that of their brothers marching from across the borders, scores of volunteers offered satyagraha at different points inside Goa and courted arrest on August 15, 1954.

It was a new phase of the freedom movement. From first to last it had been wholly a Goan thing. And whatever its present gains or losses, it raised fresh hopes and kindled new expectations about the future.

X

1955 and After

UNTIL THE EVENTS forced his hands, Nehru had never completely lost hope of bringing Portugal to the path of compromise and reason. It was this lingering hope, apart from the compulsions of his foreign policy of peace and goodwill among nations, that kept him preoccupied with diplomatic niceties and bureaucratic subtleties. Thus, to meet Salazar's criticism that the whole movement was the handiwork of India, he had to restrain Indians from participating in the August 1954 march, apparently much against his own will. Moreover, as head of the Government he was pinned down to standards and norms not ordinarily binding on the general public.

Meanwhile, the general public, both in Goa and India, was getting increasingly restive at the turn of events. It saw no reason in conforming to bureaucratic subtleties and diplomatic niceties. In any case, it was not ready to pay for these the price Nehru in deference to his position and principle felt obliged to pay, namely, the price of prolonged uncertainty. Goa was not the concern of Goans alone. It was a part of India and as good a part as any other. Its integration with the motherland was no matter for diplomatic horse-trading.

Following this line of reasoning, an All (India) Parties Goa Liberation Committee was formed at Poona on May 14, 1955. The object was to liberate Goa by participating directly in the liberation struggle. There was no intervention from the side of the Government of India.

On 18th of May, 1955 the first batch of Indian satyagrahis, marched into Goa and courted arrest. More batches followed in quick succession. The satyagrahis were arrested, roughed up and put in prison. Three of them had fallen to Portuguese bullets.

15th August, 1955 was the high tide of the satyagraha movement. What was until then a small trickle turned on that day into a huge torrent of satyagrahis. The group satyagraha snowballed into a mammoth mass campaign. About four thousand unarmed men and women crossed the border at various points. Apparently unnerved, the Portuguese police and the military resorted to indiscriminate firing. Thirty-two satyagrahis were instantly shot dead. The number of the wounded ran into hundreds. Blood spattered the border.

"Fascism", commented the veteran nationalist T. B. da Cunha, "appeared that day in the shape of a volley of bullets that mowed down unarmed and non-violent volunteers as if they were a pack of mad dogs". *

Sadly for Telo, his nightmare had come true. The Portuguese response to the satyagraha had shaped itself in the manner and mould he had apprehended.

During all these critical months and years, Telo's "Ressurge, Goa!" had played the role of a friend, philosopher and guide of the nationalist movement. There were frequent occasions when, owing to petty differences and personal scores, the movement threatened to split and splinter. Often, during the ups and downs of the struggle, the morale of the workers seemed to run low, "Ressurge, Goa!" laboured hard to keep the morale of the workers and the unity of their leaders.

In 1956, to counter Salazar's propaganda and to present its own version of the case, the Government of India launched the

*"Goa's freedom Struggle" page 328 . Extract from speech delivered at the People's Hall in Bombay, on Sept. 2, 1955.

Portuguese Unit in the External Services of the All India Radio. At the suggestion of Mr. P. M. Lad, a friend and an admirer, who had by then taken over as Secretary of the Ministry of Information and Broadcasting, the Government of India invited Telo to create, conduct and supervise the new unit. What with his command of the Portuguese language, his proven merit as a publicist and his intimate grasp of politics of India and Portugal, there was no other man around more competent to fill the bill.

Telo saw in the offer a new opportunity of widening the scope and range of his activities. Besides, through the Radio he could reach out and spread his message to a vastly larger audience. Therefore, he promptly accepted the invitation and in March 1956 suspended the publication of "Ressurge, Goa!" and left for New Delhi to take up his new assignment.

As commentator at the All India Radio, Telo brought to bear on his work the same ardour and devotion that he had displayed as the Editor of "Ressurge, Goa!". The broadcast of the Portuguese Unit was meant for Goa and Portugal but because of the powerful beam it could be listened to in Brazil and in Africa. He received many compliments from his listeners in Brazil and the Portuguese colonies in Africa for his scintillating broadcasts.

In February 1957, Telo had married again in New Delhi. His wife was Elsa do Nascimento Mendonca, the daughter of Nascimento Mendonca-(1884-1926), a Goan poet of great distinction. It was many years since Telo had separated from his wife, and with his dear daughter Laksmi away in Portugal. Telo was a lonely man. Elsa was a mature and cultivated lady. With the passion for literature and the fine arts that she seemed to have inherited from her father Elsa was the ideal person to dispel his loneliness and afford him congenial companionship in the evening of his life.

Telo's stint at the All India Radio was brief, lasting no more than three years. He had found it difficult to fit himself in the straitjacket of officialdom, with its rigid insistence on form and style. He brooked no interference and insisted on a free hand once a task was assigned to him. Considering the ways of the bureaucracy Telo was rather asking for too much. In these circumstances quitting the organisation seemed to be the only honourable way out. Telo did not opt for the renewal of his contract with the All India Radio when it expired in December, 1958. He left Delhi and returned to Bombay.

He was without a full-time employment now to absorb his time and energies. He had resigned his post in the All India Radio. There was also no hope of resuming the publication of "Ressurge, Goa!"

For a full decade he had actively worked in the cause of Goa, first from Bombay and later from Delhi. Despite his unceasing labour and that of many others, there was non immediate prospect of liberation. Like many of his colleagues he was a bit frustrated at the slow pace of progress of the movement. Seeing that Salazar would not relent, many nationalists in those days felt that the Government of India should no more dither in taking the kind of action it was compelled to take later in 1961 and be done with it rather than wait indefinitely.

Devoid of any gainful occupation, Telo had to stay with the relatives of his wife in Bombay. For a man of his sturdy independence it was distasteful to depend upon the hospitality of his relatives. Indeed those were days of acute distress and despair for Telo. He seemed to have reached a dead end in his journey. A way out of the difficult situation had to be found out. The gnawing uncertainty of the present had to be resolved.

In his own words, "After mature thought I took the bold decision of shifting the ground of my struggle to Goa instead of

living in Bombay with relatives of my wife, like a peaceful bourgeois. This would have been worst humiliation for me as I had laways liked living as an independent man without burdening anybody".*

Telo was also filled with an irrepressible nostalgia for his beloved land. Except for his fleeting visit soon after his return from Portugal in 1948 he had not been to Goa for a very, very long time. The grant of amnesty by the Portuguese Government in 1959 to such of the political workers as had not used violence came in handy for shifting the ground of the battle.

Telo was conscious of the fact that in going to Goa, he was taking a jump into the unknown. But he hoped for the best and was prepared for the worst.

*"When The Mango Trees Blossomed"— Page 184

XI

A Hope Belied

IT WAS THE Monsoon, in full form and fury.

Accompanied by his wife Telo left for Goa on July 10, 1959. The journey was tedious and tiresome. Since all lines of direct transportation were closed to traffic in those days, they had to travel by rail to Dharwar and from there take the bus to Karwar and Majali on the Indian side of Goa's southern border.

On July 13, Telo entered Goa through the Portuguese outpost of Polem. The police failed to recognise his identity. Very soon the Goa Police came to know of his coming through the register of entrances and they were on his tracks.

Telo had no intention of going underground or living incognito. Nor did he want the police to lay their hands on him He hoped that the authorities would let him alone and free to pursue his activities, whatever shape or form they took.

Hence soon after his arrival he went on his own to Panjim and declared his identity to the police.

The Commissioner of Police, Lieutenant Aranha, could not conceal his surprise and admiration when Telo boldly revealed his identity. Inviting him to sit down he hurriedly left his room and went away to consult his superior, the commander of the police. After nearly an hour he returned, clutching copies of "Ressurge, Goa". Lifting the wad and pointing

accusingly, at it as if it was some sort of stolen property recovered from a thief, he started questioning Telo.

He didn't have to question long. Telo cut him short saying : "My paper is the best mirror of all that I have to say. I have nothing more to add".*

The police officer left the room for fresh consultations with the commander. It was getting late. Already, the day-long confabulations of the police had spilled into the dead of night. Telo was getting impatient. He fidgeted in his chair.

Presently the officer came back and told Telo that he was under instructions to arrest him. Telo was not intimidated.

He was led into a room. The place was dirty and devoid of elementary hygienic facilities. But there was a kerosene lamp, an iron bed with a mosquito net, a table and a chair. This room was to be his abode for the next three months.

He spent his time reading and writing. Prison solitude was a spur to creativity. In those three months he produced a number of sonnets which were later collected into a volume entitled "Goa, My Belover Land !"

One day in late September, ,the acting chief of the police visited Telo in his room and gave him the good news that the Governor General had agreed to give him the benefit of the amnesty and release him from capitvity.

"You are free from now," he said.

"Then, may I go ?" Telo asked, evidently relieved.

"No, not yet. There are certain formalities to be gone through" the acting chief told him. They seemed to be waiting for clearance from Lisbon.

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*"When The Mango Trees Blossomed" — Page 186.

Telo was taken aback.

After about a week the officer came to his room and said :

"Doctor, I think that you will be sent to Lisbon".

"What am I going to do in Lisbon without any resources ?" he inquired.

"Don't bother about that. Besides, His Excellency has allowed your wife to accompany you" the officer reassured.

"But I am not willing to go away from my country", Telo protested.

"Be calm, Doctor. It is better for you to go than to stay here. Your presence in Goa is dangerous".*

Telo saw no point in carrying the debate further. The order had come from above and the officer was a mere executive. There was no alternative but to yield and "give a good countenance to a bad affair".

He was given a fortnight's interval to get himself ready for the voyage. Although he was ordered to be shifted to Portugal, he was supposedly a free man as he had been granted benefit of the amnesty. Yet it was apparent, despite official reassurances, that he would have to fend for himself and earn his own living in Portugal. At the very least he had to make a provision for the initial expenses of himself and his wife who was to accompany him.

With a heavy heart, he now sold the last piece of the property that he had inherited from his ancestors. The bulk of it was already sold off way back in 1949 to raise the resources for the journal "Ressurge, Goa !"

He had not a square inch of landed property now. But he was happy that at last he had become a true socialist.

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*Conversation quoted from "When The Mango Trees Blossomed", Pages 188-189

XII

Pilgrimage to Prison

IT WAS THE middle of October. The rains had gone. The skies were clear. The weather was humid and warm.

Gnawing doubt and uncertainty seized Telo as the plane carrying him and his wife took off from the tarmac of the Dabolim airport. Where exactly was he being taken? What future lay in wait for him? Would he ever be able to return to his beloved land?

The plane was on a regular flight. Other passengers on the board were mostly military personnel bound for Lisbon. There were, too, many Goans making the jaunt availing of the facility of a free passage to and fro Portugal provided by the Government in those days as part of a package of measures to promote Goa's emotional integration with the "fatherland".

Flying over the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, the aircraft quietly plunged into the skies of the Iberian peninsula in the afternoon of the next day. Deep down, the earth spread like a patchwork quilt growing larger every passing moment. Presently the hostess took the mike and bade the passengers to fasten their seat-belts. The aircraft was making its descent. In a few seconds it had bounced on earth and come to a screeching halt. It was Lisbon, in broad daylight.

From the airport, Telo took a taxi to Hotel "Perola do Atlantico" off Castilho Street.

He and his wife Elsa spent a couple of months at the Hotel, their suspense and apprehension mounting each day. Then, at the instance of the Overseas Ministry in whose charge they were, they were shifted to a new residence in the heart of the city but they had no freedom to move without the permission of the PIDE (Policia Internacional e de Defesa do Estado), Salazar's secret police and the equivalent of Hitler's Gestappo. As a matter of fact, his movements had come under the close surveillance of the PIDE from the very hour of his arrival in Portugal.

At length the PIDE took up the investigation of his case. On March 23rd he was summoned to the Headquarters of the PIDE. The day was his birthday. Harassing its victims on days of sentimental significance to them was one of the many methods of psychological torture in the repertory of the PIDE.

One Mr. Gouveia conducted the investigation. On an identical occasion a year ago Telo had told the police in Goa that his paper, "Ressurge, Goa!" was the best mirror of all that he had to say and that he had nothing more to say. To the Inspector who questioned him now about his past activities he had much the same thing to say.

Still the questioning continued. Telo had to report himself daily at the headquarters of the PIDE. There seemed to be no end to the ordeal. The exercise dragged on for months.

In the meanwhile, sensing trouble ahead Telo had sent his wife back to Goa.

In the middle of November 1960, as the investigation proceedings reached an advanced stage, Telo was asked to go to the PIDE for an interview with its Director, Colonel Homero de Matos. Huge and hefty, Matos was a man with an intimi-

dating presence. He was the terror of the dissidents. Very recently he had ordered the machine-gunning of the striking workers in the industrial town of Barreiro.

He was ushered into a large hall. There was a huge table flanked by chairs on either side. This was the place where the top brass of the PIDE used to meet and deliberate. Matos was seated in his chair. He motioned Telo to take a seat. Then he said brusquely:

"Mr. Mascarenhas, you must ask in writing to be tried". This was a coldly calculated ruse. The PIDE and the authorities were aware that in view of the amnesty granted to him it would have appeared patently absurd and anomalous to put him in the dock, which they were contemplating. Wanting to give a veneer of legality to what would have been a blatantly illegal act on their part, they were getting Telo to arraign himself and ask for his trial. They were desperately seeking an escape-hatch from a difficult situation. But Telo was shrewd enough to see through the game.

"I don't ask anything" he said, "If you want to try me do as you wish. But I will not ask for it".

Then, in a mild, persuasive tone Matos asked:

"Why did you leave your remunerative job, Doctor, and jump into the fray of uncertainties ? You would by now have been a rich man, like many other lawyers I know".

"Because I do not worship the golden calf", Telo told him, "I am fighting for an ideal !".

Matos inquired of him what that ideal was. He wished to know what exactly the Goans wanted.

Telo told him that Goans were fighting for self-determination, that they believed in the Fourteen Points enunciated by

President Wilson of which the right of the people to determine their own destiny was the fulcrum.

At that the Director of the PIDE flew into a rage. His face flushed and he started cursing America and the Americans. Then, turning to Telo, he threatened:

"I will not allow you to go".*

Telo had prepared himself for that sort of thing. He said he was unable to resist the diktat of the Director but he reminded him that in the circumstances of the case, his arrest and detention would be unjust and arbitrary.

His only request was that word be sent to his daughter about his arrest and detention. He also asked for leave to take with him his suitcase of books and personal effects.

Word was sent. Laksmi came and embraced her father and gave him a rosary for spiritual comfort. His suitcase was brought. And Telo readied himself to go on his long pilgrimage to prison.

*Conversation quoted from "When the Mango Trees Blossomed" Page 196.

XIII

Aljube and Caxias

ETERNAL SPIRIT OF the chainless Mind !
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,
For there thy habitation is the heart;
The heart which love of Thee alone can bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd,
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
Chillon! thy prison is a holy place
And thy sad floor an altar, for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard! May none those marks efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God.
—'On the castle of Chillon' by Lord Byron.

His arrest freed Telo from the gnawing uncertainty that had hung over his fate ever since he was brought to Portugal thirteen months earlier. The long spell of anxious anticipation, of waiting and watching had ended. Now that his destination, whatever it was, was fixed, he felt greatly relieved and relaxed.

Late in the evening of his arrest, Telo was taken from the headquarters of the PIDE to Aljube, a jail that had existed

from the time of the Moors. Grim and grilled with iron bars like a cage, it balefully looked down the city and the river Tagus.

He was put in a room which was small, dark and damp. The windows were grilled with iron bars and netting so as to prevent the prisoners from throwing messages outside. The room was once used as a storehouse for drugs; it had a peculiar stink. The food was sub-standard and indifferently prepared. At night the relentless pacing of the sentry was a regular torture and an effective barrier to sleep. The four walls closed in on him completely cutting him off from fellow humans, joy and recreation.

Telo rotted in these conditions for six long months. The nasty food and the pervasive dampness of the room began to tell on his health. He began to suffer from painful rheumatism, causing a slight dysfunctioning of the body. Luckily after six months the authorities accepted his plea for a transfer to a better place and he was moved to the Fort of Caxias, some ten kilometers from Lisbon.

At Caxias conditions were slightly better. The Fort was at a pretty good distance from the din and noise of Lisbon. It had larger rooms and though 15 or 16 men were cooped up in a room meant for 8 to 10, Telo preferred the crowded company of Caxias to the frightening solitude of Aljube. The place had none of the sickening darkness and dampness of Aljube. There was enough light and fresh air.

There were other amenities. Food was definitely better. The prisoners were allowed reasonable time for recreation. His failing health was attended to. He could pay periodic visits to the prison hospital.

Of course letters were strictly censored. Visitors were not allowed. However, daughter Laksmi was admitted only on

special occasions. The cells were regularly searched. One newspaper was allowed, but newspapers in Salazar's Portugal were little better than official bulletins. Still prisoners were not allowed to take any notings.

Caxias brought opportunities for new contacts. He met Sergio Batista, a young Brazilian belonging to the camp of General Humberto Delgado, Salazar's redoubtable opponent. He was caught while smuggling bombs into Portugal. Sergio was a lively and talkative youth. Another contact was Agostinho Ilunga, an African from Mozambique accused of Pan-African activities under Nkrumah and trapped by agents of the PIDE in South Africa with the help of the local police. Besides these, there were socialists and communists and nationalists like him from the colonies and indeed all manner of dissidents who had dared to defy the establishment. Whenever they had a chance to meet they were all warmth and affection. And they all reassured Telo that Goa would shortly be free and his travails would end and he would soon return to his homeland. They were nice folks, all of them.

Soon after he was brought to Caxias, Telo came to know that there was a freedom fighter from Goa among the prisoners put in the cell adjacent to his. That was Mohan Ranade.

Hailing from Sangli, Mohan Ranade was seized from childhood by a deep urge to spend himself in the service of his country. He had chosen Goa, still smarting under foreign rule, as his field of action and had dedicated himself to its liberation. Working intermittently as a teacher in rural Goa, he had raised a cadre of workers around him as devoted to the cause as himself. In 1950 he had become a member of the Azad Gomantak Dal, a guerilla front working for the liberation of the territory from the borders and in that capacity led many a successful raid on police outposts in Goa. During one of these raids made in October 1955 on the outpost of Betim, right in front of the

capital city of Pangim, he was severely wounded and caught. He was later sentenced to 24 years of imprisonment and deported to Portugal.

Though they were fighting in their own way for the same cause, Telo and Mohan Ranade had not met before. Nor, as long as they occupied two different cells, had they any opportunity of meeting at Caxias. Their contact was limited to seeing and wishing each other from a distance.

But they were to meet soon and in very dramatic circumstances.

XIV

The Charge

THE FOLLOWING IS the charge-sheet served on Telo which is self-explanatory :

I accept the plaint of the Public Prosecutor and, consequently pronounce under proviso of Section 290, No. 1 of the Code of Criminal Procedure, the accused Dr. Telo de Mascarenhas, advocate, native of Marmagoa (Goa), as without bail.

1. The accused founded in Bombay, in 1950, the newspaper Ressurge, Goa ! which was published till February 1956, with a circulation of more than 50,000 copies.

2. Through the same paper, of which the accused was Director and Editor, he created and spread in the Indian Union itself a movement against the territorial integrity of Portugal, named "Liberation Front".

3. Through his journal and the "Liberation Front" the accused sought to separate from the Portuguese Motherland the Portuguese territories of Goa, Daman and Diu and the enclaves of Dadra and Nagar Haveli, in India.

4. In the leaflet "National Congress (Goa)", edited in Bombay the prosecuted person wrote an article entitled "Considerations on the latest speech by Salazar". In this script, which was published and widely distributed in the Indian Union, the accused made and spread many entirely false affirmations such as :

"(a) In this connection we want to point out that the pressure on Goa is not from outside, but from her own sons through a

political organisation, National Congress (Goa), that is active in Goa and outside but inside India.

(b) All of us, Hindus, Christians and Muslims envisage the problem of Goa through the same prism; and the diversity of creeds did not infuse in us the spirit of intolerance, because we know that we are brothers and that our ancestors observed the same faith; that they bequeathed a great spiritual and material heritage which was lost due to the subjection of our land to Portuguese imperialists who ruined our spiritual patrimony, our institutions and our economy, all of which forced Goans to seek their daily bread in foreign countries. This is the heritage that has been left to us by your (Salazar's) fore-fathers who came to India with the aim of making a fortune as your own historians say. And this aim continues to be nowadays the concern of the public servants you are sending us. Goa is not only a colony of exploitation, but also a colony of extortions".

5. In the book *Handcuffs and Shackles* also written and widely circulated by the accused, he consciously made many false affirmations, such as :

(a) The colonies which still remain in the East, like Macao and Hong Kong, are moral gangrenes of Asia, where criminals from Europe and America are living as outlaws, robbing and murdering with complacency, and with the connivance of the authorities who draw their income from gambling and opium.

(b) Under pretext of visiting Goa throngs of foreigners come to quench their thirst for liquor which flows cheap and freely in Goa. Goa is a poor land, but the alien gold, as a prelude of crime and vice, is turning her into an artificial paradise; and before long she will be like Macao—a hell of slow death for Goans.

6. All these false affirmations spread throughout the Indian Union endangered the good name of Portugal abroad.

7. The accused published a pamphlet "Humanitarianism of the Authorities of Goa", edited by National Congress (Goa), with facts highly offensive to the Portuguese Government, saying :

(a) While in Cabo Verde, a colony that is nearer to Portugal than Goa, many people are dying of starvation, the Portuguese Government is sending to Goa, for political and not humanitarian purposes, boats loaded with rice and sugar which fatten black-marketeers as well as the Government servants.

(b) But, as with the 30 pieces of silver of Judas, they did not succeed in buying the conscience of Goans, they are sending to Goa expeditionary troops to terrorise us".

8. The accused wrote and spread the pamphlet "Letter to Expeditionaries" inciting them to side with Goans in their struggle for the liberation of Goa, Daman and Diu.

9. The accused had been treasurer of the Executive Committee of National Congress (Goa), and as a reward the Indian Government gave him a post in All India Radio, New Delhi, where he worked from April 1956 upto December 1958.

10. Through his paper and other scripts and also through All India Radio the accused stressed that Indians and the Indian Government should grab by arms the Portuguese Province in India and advocated their economic, political and diplomatic blockade.

11. The accused with the "Liberation Front" conspired against the internal safety of the Portuguese State of India, and plotting with various persons sought the integration of Portuguese territories in India into the Indian Union.

Consequently the accused, as a perpetrator of criminal acts, committed the following offences :

(a) The offence of Section 142 with reference to No. 1 of Sections 35 and 129 of the Portuguese Penal Code;

(b) The offence of Section 143 with reference to No. 4 of Sections 55 and 129 of the same Code;

(c) The offence of Section 149 with reference to No. 5 of Sections 55 and 129 of the same Code;

(d) The offence of Section 166, para 2 of the same Code.

The accused is liable to the accessory penalty of Sections 151, 157, both of the same Code, and the Security Measure of Section 7 of the Decree-Law No. 40.550.

I appoint Dr. Antonio de Souza as unofficial Counsel.

This official is to report to the Criminal Record.

The accused should be notified.

Lisbon, 15th May, 1961.

The Judge:
(Sd) Antonio de Almeida Moura.

XV

Liberation

THE BORDER BLOODBATH of August 1955 sent waves of angry shock across the length and breadth of India. The nation was stunned as rarely before. All over the country the people reacted to the killings by holding meetings and demonstrations, organising protest strikes and observing hartals. In Bombay, mobs went on rampage and attacked the Portuguese consulate in the city. In Calcutta, students expressed their fury by hoisting the Indian flag atop the Portuguese consulate and observing a day of mourning. Delhi and other cities echoed to the tune.

Condemning the killings in Parliament the next day Nehru described the Portuguese behaviour as uncivilised and brutal. Both Houses of Parliament adjourned for half an hour in memory of the martyrs. Following this, India broke off all diplomatic ties with Portugal.

Outside, the public, the press and the political parties grew increasingly vocal and vociferous and demanded a speedy solution of the problem, by all means. There were many who felt that the time for police action, if ever, was then. Few other issues since Independence had agitated their minds and stirred their emotions more and moved them to close their ranks and rally together in a spontaneous gesture of national solidarity.

Despite the din and the fury Nehru stayed his hand pleading with both the Indians and the Portuguese to look at the issue in the wider perspective of international relations rather than view it from the narrow nationalistic standpoint. At the same

time he let it be known that India's commitment to peaceful methods ought not to be mistaken as weakness. He still hoped wiser counsels would prevail with Portugal.

It was a forlorn hope. Far from softening with the passage of time, Salazar stiffened against all suggestion for change. Inside Goa, he grew even more repressive towards the freedom fighters. He brought fresh troops, piled up arms and ammunition and greased his military machine. He invoked Portugal's old and obsolescent treaty with England and her recent membership of the NATO and banked on them to bail him out in case of trouble with India. And to cap it all, he held out the threat that if his going from Goa was forced, he would go only after reducing the territory to a rubble. To all appearances, he was moving toward a showdown.

An uneasy lull settled on the Goan scene following the gory border incidents of August 1955. Shaken by the happening, the Government of India imposed a blanket ban on Indian satyagrahis entering Goa. Down to the end of the decade, isolated incidents of Goan commando attacks on Portuguese outposts from within and the meetings and demonstrations from without were the only reminder that the struggle was still continuing.

This state of uncertainty continued down to the end of the fifties. Then, at the turn of the decade, things began positively to hot up.

In 1961, the nationalists in Portugal's African colony of Angola rose in widespread revolt. Portuguese retaliation was brutal and swift. Atrocities committed on the Angolans shocked the conscience of the civilised world.

Happenings in Angola at once pushed the Goan issue from the backwaters of national politics into the forefront of the world stage. The Goan struggle against the colonialist came to be

viewed as part, indeed a pivotal part of the larger, world-wide crusade against the entire fabric of Portuguese colonialism. The fate of Portuguese colonies in Africa and elsewhere seemed very much to hinge on the outcome of the Goan struggle. Goa held the key to Africa.

Sensing that the fall of colonialism in Goa would signal its collapse in Africa, the Africans and the Indians began orchestrating their efforts together. The first visible fruit of their efforts was the organisation in October 1961 by the Indian Council of Africa of a four-day seminar on Portuguese colonialism in New Delhi. The seminar was a formidable gathering of prominent leaders of the Portuguese colonies of Angola and Mozambique. Representatives from Tanzania, Morocco, Zambia and Kenya also attended.

By now even Nehru's patience was beginning to wear thin. First indication of this was available in August when, speaking in the Lok Sabha, Nehru said : "If I am asked at the present moment to give any kind of assurance that we shall not use armed forces in regard to Goa, I am not in a position to give it".

Two months later in October he struck an even more explicit note. Inaugurating the seminar on Portuguese colonialism he told the international gathering that India had an open mind on the Goa issue and that "if we have to take some action we shall take it" Addressing a mass rally on Bombay's Chowpaty sands on the conclusion of the seminar, Nehru reassured the cheering crowds that events in Goa such as the wave of arrests and the torture of prisoners had compelled the Government of India to do some fresh thinking on the matter. "When I say I think afresh I mean that we have been forced into thinking afresh by the Portuguese to adopt other methods to solve the problem. When and how, I cannot say now. But I have no doubt that we will do it".

On his part, Salazar was sparing no effort to help Nehru do it. One morning in November, from their tiny island of Anjediva near Karwar, the Portuguese soldiers suddenly opened fire on the Indian liner S. S. Sabarmati ounding a member of the crew. Eight days later on November 25, the soldiers fired from the same spot on fishing boats on their routine beat killing one innocent fisherman. Swift on these incidents the Portuguese frigate Afonso de Albuquerque was seen moving ominously in the waters between Anjediva and Karwar.

Whatever Salazar meant to achieve by these manoeuvres, they were the proverbial last straw. From the frying pan he had jumped into the fire. Following Government instructions, the Indian military had already formulated a tentative plan for a take-over, if it became necessary. Spurred by the provocation, a whole Indian division had taken its position on the borders of Goa, Daman and Diu and lay in wait for the green signal.

The signal was given on December 16. On the midnight of 17-18 sturdy Jawans of the Indian army moved into Goa finally ending weeks of anxious anticipation. Simultaneously Air Force planes bombed and put out of action Bambolim Wireless Station and the warships of the Indian Navy engaged the Portuguese cruiser Afonso de Albuquerque off Mormugao putting it instantly out of commission. Within thirty-six hours the Jawans had encirled Panjim. Operation Vijaya was a stupendous success.

The Instrument of Surrender was signed on the afternoon of December 19, 1961. And the Indian tricolor began fluttering proudly from the windswept Palacio do Idalcao.*

Since some time lately newspapers in Portugal were rife with reports of hectic troop movement of India and their line-up

*Palace of Adil Khan named after Yusuf Adil Khan, founder-ruler of the Kingdom of Bijapur who held Goa before its fall to the Portuguese in 1510.

along the Goa borders. Earlier the press had also brought reports of shooting from the island of Anjediva. These reports left Telo in no doubt that something out of the ordinary was in the offing. He waited impatiently for the good news.

He didn't have to wait long. Early in the morning of the 21st the "Seculo" gave him the news. The historic moment had come to pass. The Indian army had entered Goa. The Portuguese had surrendered. Goa was free. Telo's joy knew no bounds.

By a happy coincidence, that very morning there took place one of those periodic shufflings of prisoners and interchange of cells that were a regular feature of Caxias and Telo was transferred to the cell which Mohan Ranade and others occupied. Mohan too had learnt of the great event that very morning. Both were anxious to meet each other. And now when Telo entered his cell both were pleasantly surprised. In great ecstacy they rushed towards each other and embraced

Despite being in the same jail, it was their first meeting face to face. And the joy was unbounded because they were meeting on a day when news had reached them that their life's dream was fulfilled. Temperamentally and in many other ways no two men could have been more different. Telo was a Roman Catholic, Mohan was a Chitpavan Hindu. Telo was brought up in the western tradition, Mohan was from birth steeped in Hindu culture. Mohan had defied the Imperialist by force of arms, Telo had fought him through power of the pen. Again, at the time they met, Telo was sixty whereas Mohan had barely crossed thirty.

But these differences did not matter the least. What mattered very much was the great goal of freedom, their unswerving loyalty and abiding commitment to that goal and the transparent sincerity of purpose and the steadfastness they both had brought to bear on it. The warm, tight embrace of the Roman Catholic and the Chitpavan Brahmin that day in the agony and cold of

Caxias symbolised their common attachment to liberty which transcended all other differences.

Their joy was also the joy of their cell-mates, many of whom were Portuguese citizens. For one reason or another, they were all opposed to the regime of Salazar. Any crippling blow struck at the insufferable regime was a blow struck for their own cause. They too were full of joy and they warmly hugged Telo and Mohan for their victory.

During the indoor recreation that night, promptly responding to their request, Telo and Mohan Ranade told their colleagues in jail the full story of Goa. Bit by bit and by turns, they took their prison-mates journeying with them through the long corridors of time. They told them of how Afonso de Albuquerque had taken Goa in 1510, how forced conversions to Christianity had followed, how attempts were made to denationalise the Goans, how the people were never reconciled to their rule and how Pintos and Ranes and others rose in revolt, how Goans were influenced and inspired by the Indian national movement, how Lohia initiated a new phase in 1946, how Goans offered satyagraha in 1954, how Indians spilled their blood on the borders in 1955, how Salazar was indifferent to Nehru's peaceful overtures and how at last history in its inexorable march had dropped the curtain on the high drama in 1961.

Telo was in Mohan Ranade's cell for hardly more than four days. Then the parting came. They were to meet again, not yet as freemen despite the freedom of Goa, but in self-same Caxias again and not until another couple of years had elapsed.

XVI

The Trial

THE LIBERATION OF GOA which was not a settled fact had knocked the bottom out of the continuing detention of Telo and his impending trial. So Telo and Mohan Ranade eagerly looked forward to their release from jail and return to their homeland. Apart from the plain legitimacy of their expectation there were enough straws in the air pointing to their imminent release.

For one thing soon after the liberation the Indian Government had declared that it had no intention of imposing Indian citizenship on the inhabitants of Goa, Daman and Diu and everybody who preferred it that way was free to retain his or her citizenship and go to Portugal at once or later on. And in a reciprocal gesture the Portuguese Government agreed that "the inhabitants of Goa, Daman and Diu were free to decide for themselves about their citizenship and this Government does not intend to force whoever may be, to retain the Portuguese citizenship".

Additionally, the Portuguese Government had also assured that it would release Indian citizens from Portuguese prisons when necessary guarantees were given regarding Portuguese civilians through the Brazilian Government.

Accordingly, as soon as he had learnt about the official note of February 1962, Telo had made all haste to avail of the opportunity and put in the following application to the Ministry of External Affairs in Lisbon :

To the Minister of External Affairs,
Portuguese Government,
Lisbon.
Excellency,

I, the undersigned, Telo de Mascarenhas, Barrister and former Magistrate and Advocate, born in Goa from Indian parents, hence Indian by birth and blood, now in the prison of the Fort of Caxias, declare that I want to follow the fate of my birthplace which is Goa, repudiate Portuguese citizenship and opt for the Indian one, according to the spirit and letter of the agreement entered into between the Portuguese Government and the Indian Government, reciprocally.

Furthermore, I declare and inform you that I was deported from Goa to Portugal against my will, in October 1959. As I don't know whether the Portuguese Government is going to repatriate me or not, and lest my silence be taken as my consent to continue to stay in Portugal, I make this statement for all legal effects.

I also request my release and further repatriation, as by right, because after the Liberation of Goa neither the Portuguese Government nor the Plenary Court has any jurisdiction over me.

Fort Caxias
April 24, 1962

The Applicant :
(Sd) Telo de Mascarenhas

No note, however, was taken of Telo's application. It turned out that the official note, the assurances and the solemn undertakings were all window-dressing. The authorities seemed bent on putting Telo on trial. Early in June 1962 he received a notification to that effect. The trial was fixed on the 14th of June

Aside from the travesty of justice into which it degenerated every move which had preceded the trial and its sequence suggested ominous pre-meditation.

Among other things, it was the amnesty that had induced Telo to leave New Delhi and return to Goa in 1959. Once in Goa, he was arrested and imprisoned for three months. Then he was given the benefit of the amnesty, but deported to Portugal on the vague ground that his presence in Goa was dangerous. In Portugal he was arrested in violation of the amnesty and for having advocated the liberation of Goa. Subsequently Goa itself was liberated and an agreement reached between India and Portugal by which an option was given to their citizens either to retain their original citizenship or to obtain the citizenship of the other country within a stipulated period. Telo opted for Indian citizenship and accordingly applied for it. His application was not attended to and he continued to languish in jail. And now nineteen months after his arrest and six months after the liberation of Goa the authorities were putting him on trial at the hands of hand-picked judges only too willing to oblige their Government by writing down a judgement dictated by it. What was this if not calculated revenge ?

The timing of trial was no less significant and provided further confirmation of the conspiracy. Telo was arrested in November 1960, the charge-sheet was served on him in May 1961 and the trial commenced in June 1962, that is, a good six months after Goa's liberation and one month after the last Portuguese citizen and soldier in the custody of India had safely returned to Portugal Presumably, Salazar was hitting at a time when, having honoured all its commitments the Government of India was left with no trump card which it could possibly use to bleck Telo's trial and secure his release.

On the very first day of the hearings by the Plenary Court of Boa Hora, Telo raised the contention of his Indian citizenship

and pleaded lack of jurisdiction on the part of the Court to try him. He was over-ruled.

Telo had no faith in the counsel provided him by the Court. He was mediocre, nervous and diffident. There was no fire in him. He fumbled at his brief, and seemed to labour under the fear of displeasing the Government. Telo had tried to engage some one from among his old colleagues who could be relied upon but none of them came forth for fear of being marked out. In the end he had to bear the brunt of the defence himself.

Nevertheless, Telo acquitted himself gloriously during the trial. At one stage during the proceedings, the presiding judge, Silva Caldeira, commenting on the case of Goa, said : "The Indian Union shamelessly invaded our territory of Goa". Telo was not the man to stand that sort of nonsense, whatever be the occasion. His national pride was touched to the quick. "I protest", he said flying into a fury, "it is a big bluff . . . . Goa is a part and parcel of India. India has liberated Goa and positively not invaded it. Jai Hind !"

The courtroom was stunned. And the judges, although visibly annoyed, could barely conceal their admiration. So doughty a defiance of the Court was quite uncommon with prisoners chained in the dock and facing grave charges of sedition.

But for Telo no occasion was too solemn, no place too forbidding and no person too respectable when it was a question of standing up to his country's honour and protecting its good name. He could never countenance his nation being publicly damned that way, come hell or high water.

At the end of that first day of the proceedings, the Court counsel gingerly walked toward Telo and advised him to express his repentance and seek the mercy of the Court and be done with it. Many of his old colleagues had given him similar advice. Telo quietly brushed him aside by saying that he was never the man to do that even if he knew they would cut his throat. The counsel walked away in despair.

Telo had put up a brave front before the Court on the very first day of the high drama. He had covered himself with glory. "Despite the grave charges", newspapers reported the next day, "the accused showed no repentance". The report filled Telo with legitimate pride. His cell-mates congratulated him on his smart innings.

The trial ran its marked course. At the stage of arguments at the close of the case, the Attorney-General asked the court to award maximum penalty to the "traitor". In defence, the Court counsel made a tame speech taking a wishy-washy stand. Not at all pleased with his performance, Telo rose on his feet in his own defence and made a speech which ought to take its place alongside the finest ever made in behalf of patriotism. He said :

"I want to make it clear once and for all to this Court that my struggle was a peaceful one—peaceful, noble and just aimed at achieving self-determination for Goa, which is our birth right."

"If there is any Portuguese worthy of the name, who does not think as I do regarding his own country, he may throw the first stone at me. I have conducted my struggle fearlessly and openly, because I think that 'secrecy is the worst sin', as Mahatma Gandhi taught me.

"The yearnings of Goan Nationalists were legitimate and we did not fight against Portugal or the Portuguese people, but against our own humiliating condition.

"If the suggestions I had made in my message to Prime Minister Salazar had been considered favourably, the end of the tug-of-war between India and Portugal would have been different, with honour and dignity for both, and the Portuguese would not have been swept away shamefully from Indian shores. In that case Portugal could have maintained her spiritual and cultural stand in Goa, and Goa would be a window in India opened

on the West, as our Prime Minister Nehru has asserted. I always fought, even when I was fighting for our freedom in order to maintain the Portuguese language and culture in Goa, side by side with our own language and culture.

"Undoubtedly, Goa is India geographically, historically, ethnically and culturally, as Salazar himself recognised more than once in his speeches. Because of this, we Goans venerate India, calling her Bharat-Mata and we salute her, saying "Jai Hind", which means "victory to India" and to her mission of peace and brotherhood."

"When their colonies succeed in getting freedom, the colonial powers open the doors of their jails and release the imprisoned nationalists. But the Portuguese Government closes its dungeons even more tightly.

"I fought for a cause, the cause of Goa, which thanks to destiny or to God's will, if you prefer, succeeded because it was a just cause.

"I don't mind being destroyed, once the ideal for which I stood and struggled has been achieved".

After he had finished, the court withdrew in camera "to pretend that the judges were giving deep consideration to the case before the sentence was pronounced. After sometime they came out, "solemnly, with a forbidding air, and read a long and misleading roll of issues which I disdainfully refused to contest".

The presiding judge then read the judgement and the sentence. Telo was held guilty of high treason. He was sentenced to 24 years of imprisonment, plus three years of internment as a security measure, and three years of the fine at the rate of ten escudos per day.

Telo heard the verdict, calm and unruffled.

And so "the curtain" was drawn on this tragicomedy by Salazar's Government, performed by the PIDE and the tame judges. In all the records of the Plenary Court there was not a single sentence of such a magnitude. Neither the leaders of the Communist Party, who were considered by Salazar to be his worst enemies, nor the authors of the assault in the open sea on the ship Santa Maria, nor the planners of the attack on the barracks in Beja, were sentenced to so heavy a punishment. It was a naked and vile revenge of the imperialists to console themselves for the loss of Goa".*

*"When The Mango Trees Blossomed" Page 227.

XVII

Caxias Again

FOUR MONTHS AFTER the trial, the Supreme Court set its seal on the verdict and sentence of the Plenary Court.

It was Telo's second term at Caxias, a term about which he felt painfully uncertain. This uncertainty about the future filled him with despair and desolation. But the present, the immediate present at any rate was full of comfort and consolation. Whatever the future held for him, he was glad that he had paid his debt to his nation.

He was past sixty and even his strong and hefty build was buckling under the weight of his years. Tension and torture of the last two years had taken their own toll and his health began definitely to deteriorate. To the rheumatism he had contracted at Aijube was now added high blood pressure and heart trouble caused by nervous strain as a natural consequence of prison life. Presently a cyst caused by the deficiency of vitamins and sunlight formed in his back necessitating a minor surgical operation to extract it.

The gloom of Caxias was largely dispelled by ties of close fraternity and fellowship he forged with the inmates of the prison. An interesting new contact was Manuel Serra, an officer of the merchant navy and the mastermind of the abortive December 1951 assault on the barracks in Beja. Like Captain Henrique Galvao, author of the assault and capture on the high

sea of the ship Santa Maria, and Sergio Batista caught in the bomb case, Manuel Serra was an ardent partisan of General Humberto Delgado, Salazar's bugbear who had unsuccessfully contested the officially rigged Presidential elections of 1958 and who had to seek asylum in Brazil to escape Salazar's wrath for daring him. Manuel Serra was arrested many a time in the past for his activities against the regime but had almost always made good his escape from prison until his final expulsion to Brazil. Now he had clandestinely entered Portugal and engineered the attack on the barracks in Beja. As the coup failed, he was caught and put in Caxias.

Serra was a lively and vivacious companion. There were also others whose company enlivened the otherwise dull and dreary monotony of Caxias.

There were, for instance, in his own room two Catholic priests, Fr. Antonio Grilo, an Italian and Fr. Pinto de Andrade, an Angolan. Fr. Grilo was arrested in Portuguese Guinea for collaborating with the nationalists there. Fr. Andrade was a nationalist from Angola. Fr. Grilo was released owing to pressure from the Italian Government. While in Caxias the Italian priest was allowed to say mass in the private chapel of the Fort but Fr. Pinto de Andrade was denied the privilege. Under Salazar's much-vaunted Christian dispensation, the Black was no equal of the White even before the shrine of God. Like a shuttlecock, Fr. Pinto de Andrade was tossed from one prison to another, from Caxias to the monastery of Singisverga, and from there to the convent of Carvalhos. Nothing was heard of him after that.

Fr. Andrade was a noble soul. He had a sense of humour that stood him in good stead in his prison agony. When he first met Telo he said : "I thought you were a Gandhian, and of course frail and pale and devoted to fasts. But you are quite a handsome fellow".*

*"When The Mango Trees blossomed"— Page 235.

One day, when friends had come to visit him in jail, a small boy who was with them asked Fr. Andrade :

"Father, are you too in prison ?"

"Yes, my son" replied the Reverend.

"God wants the Father to be in prison ?" the boy persisted—

"It is so, my son" said Fr. Andrade looking up into the Heaven.**

A very large number of prisoners at Caxias were Portuguese communists. They flaunted different labels as Marxists, Leninists, Maoists, Trotskites, and Fidelists. All of them became Telo's best friends. Whatever their political ideology, he appreciated and admired their courage of conviction which had landed them in jail. But there was one thing about them which was a bit intriguing. On special days they had almost made it a rule to put on their best suits, well pressed shirts, silk neckties and shining shoes. Telo was puzzled at the apparent contradiction between their ideology which made them find fault with the bourgeous manners and culture and their aping of the very manners and culture they so vehemently condemned. Blunt and outspoken as he was, he never missed an opportunity to pull them up for the contradiction. The communists on their part liked him for his banter and bluntness.

Captain Rodriguez Peralta was another inestimable acquisition of these days. Peralta was shot at and arrested in Portuguese Guinea where he was fighting as an instructor by the side of the nationalists. His right arm was badly bruised and he had difficulty in doing simple things for himself. Telo filled the deficiency of the broken arm.

Peralta was a comrade-in-arms of Che Guevara in the Cuban revolution that toppled the dictatorship of Fulgencio Batista

**Conversation quoted from "When The Mango Trees Blossomed" .. Page 238.

Peralta's father and his two brothers had fought under Dr. Fidel Castro for the emancipation of Cuba from the clutches of Batista. Whenever he talked of Che and Castro he was high praise for them and showed great regard and reverence for the two.

Realising that there was no escape from the monotony of Caxias, Telo and Mohan Ranade and others condemned to the prison made the most of the given situation. They missed no occasion to meet and mingle, behind the back of the warders of course. On festive days they had freedom to sing and dance sambas and rhumbas to the tune of a record-player to their heart's content till midnight. One man who almost always stole the show on such occasions was the Mozambican, Thomas Unamtunge, who delighted the gathering with his batuque, dancing it in a comic syle.

Education came along with entertainment. Every Sunday night they met and took a review of the events of the week that had passed and exchanged views on the burning issues of the day. Such meetings were no doubt held on the sly. And on particular occasions like Christmas, New Year Day, Easter and the 1st of May they availed of the slight relaxation of prison rules to organise literary meets and poetry competitions. On such occasions, Telo would invariably return to his hobby-horse of India, her history, culture and civilisation, giving his inquisitive audience a glimpse of the glory that is India.

At Caxias, moods alternated between pain and pleasure, sorrow and joy, despair and consolation. Out of this swinging mix of moods emerged a series of sonnets which, after his release from Caxias and return to India, Telo collected in a book he styled as "Poems of Despair and Consolation" and dedicated to all those who had once kept him company and helped lighten his moods in the eerie captivity of the Fort of Caxias.

XVIII

The Release

DESPITE THE FUMING and fretting of Salazar at the loss of Goa and his quixotic plans for the reconquest of the territory, the liberation of Goa was now an irrevocable fact of history. As years passed, even Salazar seemed to have come to terms with this stark reality. Unless Salazar still made a grievance of liberation itself, all major and contentious issues between Portugal and India had been sorted out. Against this background, the motives that prompted Salazar to hold Telo and Mohan Ranade still in detention seemed patently petty and personal.

In September 1968, the ageing dictator had a fall from his deck chair and was rushed to hospital for emergency treatment. As his condition grew from bad to worse, Dr. Marcelo Caetano was appointed the Prime Minister. Dr. Caetano was Telo's contemporary in the Faculty of Law. He brought no significant change to the old order but he was willing to release Telo. However, he had to reckon with Americo Tomaz, President of the Republic, and Salazar's alter ego, who was stoutly opposed to the idea.

All the while the Government of India was making hectic efforts to secure the release of Telo and Mohan Ranade. But the Government laboured under serious limitations. India had no diplomatic relations with Portugal and so direct contact was impossible. The Government had to route its efforts through the Mexican and Brazilian Embassies in Portugal and organisa-

tions like the International Red Cross. To add to the difficulties, Portugal continued to insist that Telo was a Portuguese citizen and India had no locus standi in the matter.

By this time a large number of individuals and organisations had swung into action on behalf of the prisoners. His Holiness, Pope Paul VI, Valerian Cardinal Gracias, the Archbishop of Bombay, Rev. Fathers Montalto and Ferrer, both Spanish Priests, used whatever influence they had at Lisbon. Amnesty International, Organisation for Human Rights, the International PEN club, *Action Fraternelle,* the International Red Cross and Lions International put themselves in the forefront of the campaign. Thanks to their painstaking efforts, what was hitherto a matter of purely national concern became an issue of international interest.

In the meantime, back in India, a Release Committee was formed to work for the prisoners' release; many eminent Indians were members of the Committee. The driving spirit of the Committee was Sudhir Phadke, the eminent music director. The Committee did commendable work by rousing public opinion to the plight of the prisoners and moving the concerned authorities to pursue the matter.

Mohan Ranade was released in January 1969. He won his freedom largely due to the efforts of the Release Committee, the Mexican Embassy and Priti Kamat, a Goan advocate settled in Portugal.

Bidding a tearful farewell, Mohan Ranade had assured Telo that the latter's release would be his first pre-occupation in freedom. He was as good as his word. After coming to India, Mohan put new life in the Release Committee and gave a vigorous push to its activities.

Finally on May 7, 1970, the Portugese Government declared an Amnesty on the occasion of the birth centenary of President Carmona, Telo happily turning to be one among its beneficiaries

Bureaucratic formalities took another three weeks and in the afternoon of the 29th of May the warder came to the cell and asked Telo to pack up. And so after nine years, six months and fifteen days' of incarceration during which his mind alternated between moods of despair and consolation, Telo stepped out of the iron gate of Caxias into the bright sunshine of freedom.

News of Telo's release was not announced in Portugal immediately. Official circles broke the silence only on June 20 when it was given out that Telo was released as a "gesture of goodwill offered to a frail and sick man." Meantime, Telo had written to his wife Elsa in Goa giving her the happy news which she duly passed on to the press and the public.

No sooner the Government of India came to know of Telo's release it requested the Mexican Embassy to provide Telo all facilities to enable him to return to India, should he choose to do so. But much as he longed to return to his homeland it was not a matter solely for Telo to choose. He had to reckon with Salazar who, after all, still pulled important wires from his dying bed in the hospital. So long as he was in Portugal he was not quite out of jail.

Since his release on May 29, he was staying with his daughter Laksmi and her husband at their flat in suburban Lisbon. He spent some days at a summer resort not far from Lisbon. "Many years before, I used to go there on leave, during Court vacation with my family, when my two daughters were tiny tots. That village was then a quiet, lovely and peaceful place with very few houses and thick pine-woods. But now, after so many years, it had grown into a small township with new and fashionable buildings. 'Civilisation' had destroyed the loveliness of that place".*

*"When The Mango Trees Blossomed" Page 257.

Days passed off in this way in the cosy company of his daughter and son-in-law. All the while Telo dreaded the moment when he would be called upon to part with Laksmi, "Whenever I bade Good-bye to my daughter at the end of her visit in jail, I used to think how heart-breaking it would be to part from her at the time of my departure to India, after my release. Owing to the uncertainties in my life, I was compelled to live a high-strung life with my emotional ties shared between India and Portugal".*

The parting that he dreaded so much came soon. Early in July he succeeded in obtaining the passport for going abroad. The Government of Portugal had no objection to his going to India. The last hurdle in the way of his departure was cleared.

On Saturday, the 25th of July, Telo went to the airport to take the plane to Madrid on the first leg of his journey back to India. On hand at the airport to see him off were daughter Laksmi, her husband and a few close friends.

As the departure time of the plane drew close, Telo hugged his daughter and kissed her a last time. Touching as it was, the occasion must have brought to his mind memories of a similarly emotion-charged moment from his distant past. Fifty years back, as a young boy about to board the s.s. Karapara at Marmagoa port on his voyage to Portugal he had hugged and kissed his mother in a similar fashion and with an equally heavy heart. Then it was an only son going to Portugal bidding goodbye to his sorrowing mother whom he was leaving behind in India. Now, it was an affectionate father returning to India saying adieu to his only surviving daughter whom he was leaving behind in Portugal.

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*When The Mango Trees Blossomed Page, 257.

XIX

The Return

ON HAND TO receive Telo at Madrid airport was Shri Vikram Shah, the Indian Ambassador and his staff. To a correspondent of the Reuters who interviewed him, the 71-year old freedom fighter said he had no complaint about the way he was treated in Caxias. Since he was a heart patient, he said, he had received proper medical assistance. He could rest in his bed during the day despite the prison regulations which forbade it. His cell had access to a large resting room where he daily met other political inmates.

"But", he said, "many others were less fortunate. Many went mad after some time and started talking nonsense. They were forced to stand up to ten nights without sleep." Said Telo : "They did not do anything to me because they knew I had nothing to hide".

Telo's arrival in Madrid and his interview to the Reuters made headlines in the world press.

By a remarkable coincidence, just two days after Telo had left Portugal, Salazar finally succumbed to his protracted illness. The ascetically-inclined, orthodox-minded, personally honest former Professor of Coimbra had ruled his country with an iron hand for a full forty years. With his death a dark chapter in Portugal's history had come to a close.

On the evening of 29th, after a few days of rest in Madrid, Telo emplaned for London arriving in the city the same night. The following day he went in for a thorough medical check-up. The Indian High Commissioner, Shri Apa Pant, like Shri Vikram Shah in Madrid, extended all hospitality. Shri Pant hosted a lunch to Telo at India House which was followed by a press conference. Publisher Datta Tahmankar and Barrister Mohan Pungaliya who as members of the Release Committee had worked tirelessly for his release entertained him to a tea party attended by members of the Indian community and the Amnesty International. While they felicitated Telo, he thanked one and all for the sincere efforts they had put in to secure his freedom.

Meantime, a red carpet was being unrolled to welcome him back to India. The Government, individuals and organisations of all kind were anxiously waiting to give Telo a hero's welcome on his arrival. All India was agog with excitement and enthusiasm at the news of his coming. The nation was eager to pay its homage to the man who had fearlessly and without hope of any material reward challenged Salazar on his own soil and from outside and who, but for a stroke of good luck, would have in all probability perished in his prison.

On Saturday, the 1st of August, Telo left London on the last leg of his journey to India. Just at day-break the next day, Air India's Boeing 707 Gauri Shankar which carried him made a smooth landing at Bombay's Santa Cruz airport.

Despite the early hours quite a big crowd had collected at the airport to give Telo a hero's welcome. People had been arriving at the airport the previous night itself. Bombay's taxi service was out of gear owing to a lightening strike and they did not want to take chances.

A sudden shower accompanied by gusty winds had lashed the city after midnight, threatening to upset the airport reception. But as the dawn broke, the rain subsided and Gauri Shankar appeared in the skies.

Presently Telo emerged in the gangway and alighted from the aircraft. On hand to greet him were Maharashtra's Minister for Protocol S. R. Patil, Music Director and Secretary of the Release Committee Sudhir Phadke, Organising Secretary of the Jana Sangh, Nanaji Deshmukh, BPCC leader S. A. Kader, and the Swatantra leader Madhu Mehta.

After the formal reception at the tarmac, Telo briskly walked to the terminal building. As he neared, the crowd surged forward and he was virtually mobbed. Slogans like 'Mascarenhas Zindabad' and 'Welcome Back, Son of India,' echoed through the terminal building. People made a beeline to garland him on behalf of themselves and their institutions. In seconds, Telo was literally buried under a heap of flowers.

After half an hour's halt at the terminal Telo boarded another Air India plane for New Delhi. An eager crowd awaited him at Palam since early morning. Present at the airport to receive him were India's Foreign Secretary, Kewal Singh, leaders of political parties, Members of Parliament and a large number of friends and admirers.

As the plane screeched to a halt, Elsa who was camping in town since some days past in anxious anticipation of his arrival and unable to restrain herself rushed to the tarmac, climbed up the gangway and entering the aircraft flung herself sobbing into the arms of her darling. Then, snuggling each other and full of tears of joy at the reunion husband and wife came out of the aircraft. It was yet another of those touching and dramatic moments that had made his life what it was.

Early the next morning Telo went to see Mrs. Indira Gandhi. On being told that Telo had come, the Prime Minister of India came out of her room in Parliament House to receive him. She eagerly inquired about his life in jail and his present condition.

In the afternoon Telo met President Giri at Rashtrapati, Bhawan.

"You are a source of inspiration which will make the country great. The country has lots of problems. Biggest of them is unemployment. You must enthuse the nation to do everything for bettering the lot of the masses," the elder statesman and former trade union leader told him.

Speaking at a largely attended public reception that evening, Acharya Kripalani, who presided, was profuse with praise for the heroic deeds of the freedom fighter. Others who spoke were no less lavish in their eulogies.

A civic address, presented and read by Hans Raj Gupta. Mayor of Delhi, described Telo as a "veteran of the country's freedom struggle. His courage and determination in fighting the colonialists was an example to the whole world to emulate". Two silver plaques were presented to him on behalf of Delhi's citizens. Elsa received a sandalwood jewellery box.

At yet another reception jointly organised by the All India Peace Council and Indian Association of Afro-Asian Solidarity, a large number of leaders and members of Parliament paid him handsome tributes and full-throatedly lauded his service to the nation. Defence Minister, Jagjivan Ram hailed him as a hero of the freedom struggle not only of Goa but of India and V. K. Krishna Menon who was to Telo the "symbol of Goa's liberation" for his role as the Defence Minister in 1961 was all praise for the man whose much-prayed-for and seemingly impossible release had brought to a happy conclusion the whole chapter of liberation.

Goans settled in Delhi also duly paid their respects to the champion of freedom. Everyone turned out to offer his felicitations to the illustrious son of the Goan soil.

On the afternoon of the 5th of August, Telo was given a warm reception by the Congress Parliamentary Party. Mrs. Gandhi and the other office-bearers profusely garlanded the hero and escorted him to the Central Hall of Parliament where Telo and Elsa were given a standing ovation.

On Thursday, the 6th of August, Telo and Elsa flew back to Bombay on their way to Goa. They were warmly received by Mohan Ranade and Sudhir Phadke of the Release Committee and the BPCC President Namjoshi. At an all-party reception organised in the evening by the Release Committee and presided over by the Mayor of Bombay, Dr. Shanti Patel, speaker after speaker eulogised the services of the freedom fighter.

Replying to the felicitation Telo said :

> "At last I see materialised my own cherished dream of a free man in a free country. Though I was in a prison in Portugal, my mind was in India. The Portuguese had captured my body, not my soul and spirit".

A fitting finale to this round of receptions and felicitations came when Telo was invited to be the Chief Guest at a solemn ceremony to honour India's freedom fighters at Kranti Maidan.

Hoisting the national flag, he said : "I pay my humble homage to those who toiled and fell in the field of honour".

Finally in the afternoon of Thursday, August 13, Telo and Elsa boarded the Indian Airlines Caravalle Mahabalipuram on the last leg of their journey to their beloved Goa. Mahabalipuram landed to Dabolim airport at 3.00 p.m. sharp.

The warrior had come home..... and alive.

XX

The Last Decade

TELO HAD LIVED through the Biblical span of three score and ten and had now entered the last decade of his eventful life. Looking back, he took a legitimate pride in what he had achieved. He had played the role destiny had assigned him with dignity and grace and had covered himself with glory.

Right now what Telo badly needed was plenty of rest and repose. He was evidently not in good health. Long years in prison had undermined his strong constitution and enfeebled his otherwise massive frame. As long as he was behind the bars he had taken the strains on his body in his stride. As soon as he was out they began to tell on him.

Once the long round of receptions and felicitations was over, Telo withdrew into the quiet seclusion of Camurlim, Elsa's village some eight kilometres from the town of Mapusa. This lovely village, in some ways reminiscent of Velsao, with its lush green foliage and elegant verdure was an ideal retreat for Telo. It provided him just the cool and quiet setting he needed to spend the free evening of his life.

A couple of months were spent in complete rest and isolation. Then Telo stirred again. Public activity was the very breath of his life. He could not break himself from that lifelong habit. He was unable to insulate himself from public life.

Freedom had come to Goa. That freedom held a high promise of turning his beloved Goa into a land flowing with milk and honey which was his dream. Political freedom had to be used to secure social and economic emancipation. He had still much more to accomplish.

Years ago he had mused, "Once Goa is free, the genius of our race will find its destiny. We Goans, eschewing pettiness, selfishness and personal considerations can, if we are united, turn Goa into a land of milk and honey, a land which can sustain its entire population assuring them all their daily bread, work and roof ; from where suffering and sorrow can be wiped out once and for all."

Before long Telo was drawn into the whirlpool of public life. He joined the Indian National Congress, an organisation which had always caught his imagination for its glorious role in the country's freedom struggle and for its professed ideals of democracy, secularism and socialism. A crucial factor that drew him to the Congress was his great personal esteem and regard for two of its stalwarts, Jawaharlal Nehru and Indira Gandhi. On their part, these two national leaders had always shown high esteem and admiration for Telo.

Simultaneously Telo resurrected his "Ressurge, Goa !", his pamphlet of "action and combat", his own personal sword of justice which he had once wielded to such powerful effect against the colonialist. As in those days, "Ressurge, Goa !" was a trilingual publication, the same matter appearing simultaneously in Portugueses, English and Konkani.

Time and context had changed and with them the issues. The resurrected "Ressurge, Goa !" now carried on a sustained campaign against corruption in public life, took up in right earnest the cause of Konkani language, a cause Telo held dear and espoused right from his student days by throwing open the pages

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The Future of Goa, Ressurge, Goa ! 15-6-54.

of "India Nova" to writers in Konkani, demanded full-fledged statehood for Goa within the Indian Union and urged the dissolution of the regional parties based on caste and communal loyalties and their merger with the national parties, preferably the Congress.

In 1972, Telo contested the elections to the territorial assembly of Goa, Daman & Diu from his home constituency of Cortalim on the Congress ticket. He was defeated and so were all the other Congress candidates, many of whom like Telo had made great sacrifices and suffered long years of imprisonment in the cause of Goa's freedom. It was indeed sad. But his defeat was by no means a public repudiation of all that he had done. It was not a personal vote of no-confidence in him. It is well known that until the elections of 1980, the Congress in Goa was not able to win a single seat on its own strength. Two regional parties, the Maharashtrawadi Gomantak and the United Goans dominated the political scene of Goa until the late seventies. Since 1980, the situation has changed. But that is another matter.

Nothwithstanding his strong political convictions and his transparent commitment to social and economic justice, Telo, like most other freedom fighters of Goa was a magnificent failure in latter-day Goan politics. A sturdy independence of mind, an uncompromising nature, a strong aversion for playing to the gallery and lack of goody-goody manners were his positive disqualifications for success in the newly established political order. He was evidently not cut out for the kind of populist, claptrap politics that was the order of the day in post liberation Goa. And he had few regrets for that.

All the same, Telo's cultural activities continued apace. One of his constant preoccupations during his last decade was how best to preserve the Portuguese language and culture in India and to promote friendly relations between the two peoples. To

this end, he founded the Indo-Portuguese Friendship Circle and conducted a good many activities under its aegis.

Telo flew into great ecstasy at the news of the social democratic revolution which at last overthrew the decades-long Fascist dictatorship in Portugal in April 1974 and paved the way to constitutional democracy in the country. The success of the Social Democrats held even brighter prospects for his vision of binding Portugal and India in everlasting cultural contact.

Under the auspices of the Indo-Portuguese Friendship Circle, Telo organised the 'Grupo Teatral', a dramatic troupe of amateur stage artistes. Telo's fascination for the theatre dated back from his student days. While in Portugal, he was for some time a student of Dr. Julio Dantas, the great authority on stagecraft and a performing artiste himself. His passion for the dramatic art persisted undiminished through old age and till the end. It was a great delight to watch him performing on the stage even in his late seventies with the zest and gusto of a debonair in his twenties. The last time he regaled his audience with his amazing histrionic talents was on September 23, 1979, just less than one month before his death, when he was already an octogenarian.

In between his social and political activities Telo also found time to muse over his past and write what he described as his 'Quasi-Memorirs', which he entitled as "When the Mango Trees Blossomed". It is his only book in English and and it is an honest and deeply moving book. However, reading it I felt that instead of Writing in English Telo should have told the story of his life in Portuguese; a language he loved so much and knew so well. It may be that he wrote in English because he wanted to reach out to a larger audience which he could not have done in Portuguese.

January 26, 1977 was a memorable day in Telo's life. On the Republic Day the Government of India honoured Telo with the

award of Padmashree. An honour to all Goans !. His lifelong services to the nation had been recognised. The nation has put on record its appreciation.

All through the decade of the seventies, Telo's health was slowly declining causing him much suffering. Thanks to his sturdy frame and enduring stamina he had for long withheld the ravages of prison life. He had a mild heart attack years ago at Caxias but he had not made much fuss over it lest it should frighten his daughter, Laksmi. Now, with the stresses and strains of the years, there was an aggravation of the condition. In December, 1975 he had a second attack in Bombay. On 12th of March, 1979, there was a third attack, this time rather more painful and severe than the earlier ones. He was kept under observation for seven days in the Government hospital at Ribandar.

On the 19th of October, 1979, he told Elsa he was not feeling well. Elsa panicked but the day passed off without more trouble. On the 20th, he was his usual self again and to her great relief, even joked with Elsa. As was his wont he sat till late at night plodding at his writing desk. At about midnight he went to bed complaining of severe pain in the chest. He was seen perspiring heavily. Sensing trouble Elsa called the neighbours and sent for the doctor and the priest.

They all came in an instant. But they could not do much. The attack proved fatal and at 5.15 A.M. he breathed his last.

XXI

The Epilogue

THE LONG AND the short of Telo De Mascarenha's life is that here was a man whom the peculiar circumstances of birth and upbringing had made an alien to his own heritage and whose whole life was a saga of struggle to retrieve that lost heritage. By any reckoning, this itself ought to assure him his place among the great nationalists of the day. What lends further lustre to his name is the enormous sacrifice he made and the tremendous suffering he underwent in the course of that struggle. That he gave up a lucrative job in Portugal, came to India and flung himself body and soul in Goa's freedom struggle and suffered painful imprisonment in the evening of his life and in the land of his avowed enemy goes to show that he was not content to live in the world of ideas but was very much a man of action.

And yet, as is frequently the case with public figures, Telo too could not escape being misunderstood by some of his own compatriots. Much of their misunderstanding stemmed from their inability to appreciate his highly complex personality and from what Telo himself described in another context as the "uncertainties in my life" which compelled him "to live a high-strung life with my emotional ties shared between India and Portugal". Add to this the poet's innate sensibility and his highly individualistic temperament which inclined him to a certain unconventionality of conduct and here emerges a man easily vulnerable to misunderstanding.

Many of Telo's compatriots have taken an ungenerous view of his divorce from his Portuguese wife and his subsequent marriage in India. In a country where no fine distinction is generally made between a man's private life and his public work and where both these facets of a man's personality are mixed up, this is natural but by no means just.

Telo's resignation of his All India Radio job and his return to Goa likewise attracted some adverse comment. The reasons which weighed with him in doing this have been sufficiently gone into elsewhere in this book. However, no other incident of his life is more revealing of his inclination toward unconventional conduct and his consequent vulnerability to misunderstanding.

Telo's overriding concern and preoccupation was the liberation of Goa. All else was really secondary. Whatever job he undertook to do, whether as editor of "Ressurge, Goa" or as commentator at the All India Radio and whatever course of action he followed at a particular juncture of time were intended to subserve that main goal. The exigencies of the cause laid down the guidelines of his action. It is possible that in shifting what he described as his ground of battle to Goa he was vaguely contemplating to take some sort of initiative that could break the impasse in Indo-Portuguese relations and pave the way to a negotiated settlement of the Goa problem.

Indeed no one was in a better position to play that role. It is true that as far as the Portugese Government was concerned he had not much faith in the diplomatic method. But diplomacy itself is a highly volatile field and what might appear near-impossible at one time could still come within the range of possibility at another. Telo never stuck to a single mode of action to secure his goal. He had his eggs in different baskets.

Many among those at the helm of affairs in Portugal in those days were Telo's one-time colleagues or acquaintances. With some he had shared the same desk as a student in Lisbon

and Coimbra. Indeed some of them like Paulo Cunha commanded his genuine respect and he had high expectations of them. Time and again he had addressed them open letters through the columns of his "Ressurge, Goa" imploring them to have a fresh look at their Goa policy.

While struggling to assert his heritage Telo never disowned or discarded whatever good Portugal might have contributed to the making of his personality. He espoused and sought to represent the best in both the Portuguese and the Indian cultures. His quarrel was not surely with the Portuguese people and their culture. His litigation was with the Portuguese Government of the day which to him appeared to represent neither the Portuguese people nor their culture. An uncompromising nationalist, he was nevertheless cosmopolitan in culture. And he would have given anything to get the Portuguese withdraw from India in peace so as to facilitate conditions for the lasting friendship between the two peoples.

To him, nationalism was a lofty ideal, not a catchy slogan, a sublime principle, not a rabid posture. His nationalism was much more than a mere product of the accident of his birth on the soil of India. It was ennobled and enriched by a deep love and regard for the heritage of the country which he described in his patriotic poem "Song of Victory" as an "old inheritance" (see Appendix).

To less sophisticated men who view things in terms of black and white, for or against, his was a mystifying brand of nationalism. Its subtleties were beyond their comprehension, its niceties baffled their imagination.

Here is one example of his pristine nationalism. President Carmona of Portugal passed away in April 1951. Condoling his death, Telo wrote : "at this hour of mourning for the Portuguese nation, "Ressurge Goa!" laying down its standard of revolt which it so proudly holds aloft, expresses its sense of sorrow to the Portuguese nation and

people."* This public display of grief over the death of Carmona caused quite a flutter in the Goan nationalist circles of Bombay. There was a hue and cry over what was regarded as an unwarranted and uncalled-for conduct on the part of a professedly nationalist paper.

Telo's reply to the outcry is revealing. Defending his conduct, he wrote :

> "If it be noble to commune in the sorrow of our friends it is nobler still to commune in that of our adversaries. Our idealism should not blind us to the extent of forgetting the most elementary code of humanity, justice and courtesy. Nationalism cannot be the subject matter for Don Quixotes, for it is an ideal that has to be cultivated and nursed with great spiritual strength: if not it shall be nothing short of megalomania of possessed spirits and the negation of all principles."**

And quoting Tagore, he concluded : "Righteousness and justice are above the concept of the motherland; to place the motherland above justice and righteousness is to commit the greatest injustice against it"***

*"Ressurge , Goa !", 30-4-51
**(Lack of Understanding) "Ressurge, Goa !, 15-6-51
***See Appendix "Lack of Understanding." "Ressurge , Goa!" 15-6-51

XXII

Telo as a Man of Letters

TELO DE MASCARENHAS was much more than a mere political activist. He was a prolific writer. He wrote extensively in many different genres—prose, poetry, journalism, literary reviews and translations. His versatality as a writer touched upon and span across diverse realms of literature. A keen sensitivity to the beauties of nature and a deep, abiding love of the motherland are a recurring refrain of his writings.

Telo's literary propensities showed themselves right from the time he was a student of the Lyceum in Goa. Through the "Revista Academica" (Academic Review) which he started he showed great literary promise. Later, his writings in 'India Nova', a journal which was started under the auspices of the Indian Institute at Coimbra were a further indication of a distinguished man of letters in the making.

His love for the written word did not end with his career as a student. During the two and half decades he was in Portugal he found time to write in the midst of his hectic activities as a lawyer and a magistrate. The books he wrote during these years in Portugal and later in India show the wide range and variety of his interest and genious. They are :

....."Cantares de Amor" (Songs of love) is a collection of poems published in Lisbon in 1935. The vast distance that separated Telo from his native land seemed to have made him look at his land, its scene and people with a new affection. The poems are replete with nostalgia and yearning for his beloved land.

....."Kailasha" (Kailash) published in Lisbon in 1943 recounts the ancient tales and legends of 'Hindustan'. The book made a tremendous impression on the Portuguese readers.

....."Rabindranath Tagore e sua Mensagem Espiritual" (Rabindranath Tagore and his Spiritual Message) published in Lisbon in 1943 is a considerable work in which the writer attempts a statement of the beliefs and humanism of India's great bard.

....."A Mulher Hindu" (The Hindu Woman) published in Lisbon in 1943 is an enchanting paean of praise to the unique and glorious traits of Indian womanhood. Women of myths and legends like Sita, Savitri, Damayanti and Shakuntala are vividly portrayed. The book also has chapters on Indian Music, Dance, Drama, Literature, etc.

....."Rama e Sita" (Rama and Sita) published in Lisbon in 1946 takes the reader through the saga of the great Indian epic Ramayana.

....."A Onda da Vasa Do Charco Imperialista" (The overflowing cesspool of Portuguese Imperialism) is a burning and powerful pamphlet nailing the lies of the Portuguese imperialists against Mother India.

."Algemas e Grilhetas" (Handcuffs and Shackles) published in Bombay in 1952 is a collection of satirical articles published by Telo from time to time in "Ressurge, Goa!". It exemplifies journalism of a high order.

Telo also made excellent translations into Portuguese of many of Tagore's works, notably "Home and the World", "The Shipwreck", "The Key to the Enigma", "The Four Voices", "Mashi", and "Chaturang" : also the Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi, "My Experiments with Truth". Other works he translated into Portuguese are Kalidasa's Shakuntala, Shudraka's Mricchhakatika and the Katha Saritsagar of Somadeva.

....."When the Mango Trees Blossomed" published in 1976 is Telo's only book written in English and is an account of his own life.

....."Poemas de Desespero e Consolaccao" (Poems of Despair and Consolation) is a collection of poems composed in the jail of Caxias and is a testament of his love for and loyalty to his native land. They are essentially patriotic poems breathing love of liberty and of the Motherland. Quoted below are a few lines from one of the poems which show how word and sentiment have been exquisitely wedded :—

"When my sandalwood boat
should accost the golden sands
of my legendary, marvellous, native land,
I shall prostrate and kiss her sacred sands
across the green sari of her shady palmgrove,
and nostalgically, reverentially, with folded hands
shall address my beloved Motherland;
"I salute and hail Thee, Oh Bharat Mata !
at this heart-warming hour of liberty !
Jai Hind ! Victory to Thee !
Victory to thy pristine Glory,
To thy sacred mission of Peace and Fraternity....."!

....."Goa—Terra Minha Amada" (Goa—my Beloved Land) is an assemblage of sonnets published in Goa in 1972 glorifying Goa and India; the following lines from the poem "Yearning" are a sample of the whole collection :

"For thy love, beloved Goa and India mine !
Many a torment and torture did I suffer ;
Exile, nostalgia, dolour as well as languor
Homeless and uncared for, my anguished soul did forage.

Nothing else have I to offer Thee,
Other than my patriotic soul, my only asset,
My heart replete with incense at Thy feet,
Do I place as a sacrosanct offering, Oh Mother India mine!"

....."Ciclo Goes" (Goan Cycle) published in 1973 is also a collection of poems in celebration of victory and embodies the poets' dreams for the future.

"A single goal guided us :
To ressurrect Goa to its pristine splendour,
To make Goa a Mineral Elixir,
of Milk and Honey,
Provide every one a homestead,
And a self-sufficient gardenland;
We fought and suffered to redeem her,
Rich or poor, we are proud of her..... !"

APPENDIX I

(The following is the full text of the editorial that appeared in "Ressurge, Goa!" dated 30-1-1954 when the journal had completed four years and entered the fifth. The editorial is an honest assessment of the achievements of the journal in the first four years of its existence and is a restatement of the ideals and the mission of the journal.)

EDITORIAL

FOUR YEARS

On the narrow and stony path of nationalist journalism, flanked by thorny bushes, has Ressurge Goa! been treading for the last four years. To a Journal like Ressurge Goa! which was launched without any help from any quarters, but inspired by optimism, and nurtured by sense of duty to play a role for the emancipation of our land and ressurection of Goa four years of life represent a great triumph. What animated and encourged us right from the start was our faith, our unshakeable and indestructible faith in the cause we were espousing. And when Justice kindles ideal Providence does not forsake those who serve it.

Owing to its wide circulation during the last four years, Ressurge Goa! has been able to echo in the four corners of the world the message and the aspirations of the people of Goa who whilst fighting for their emancipation, extend their hands in fraternal solidarity to all people who are also fighting for the same noble ideal. It is for this very reason that this journal has found such response, appreciation and sympathy from readers all over.

Without trying to be bumptious, we would like to record some of the victories achieved by this journal in its campaign against certain imperialists of 'medieval mentality', such as Quintanilha, a naval officer hoisted to the post of Governor General. The imperialist Patriach, D. Jose da Costa Nunes, and the others, whom the Central Government wisely thought fit, in order to safeguard its prestige, to raze them down from their pedestals.

The mission of Ressurge Goa ! has even transcended its own aspirations, as it has systematically defended the cause of all oppressed people, be they in Asia or in Africa. And the recent ban imposed by the Kenya Government on the paper, goes to prove that our efforts for the emancipation of all people from colonical yoke have not been in vain. It is indeed a great triumph for this journal, this ban by the Kenya Government, as it attests that it is not only the Portuguese imperialists, lords of Goa, but even the British imperialists, masters of a great empire, that have been shaken by the candid and forhtright exposure made in these columns of their nefarious and cruel regimes.

All these victories, however, do not dazzle us, as we do not believe in half measures. Ressurge Goa ! will only exult when it will have fulfilled its mission on the day when the dawn of freedom will break over Goa and over the rest of the oppressed world.

* * * *

The Anniversary of the Indian Republic, is also an auspicious day for Ressurge Goa ! for it was on this day, four years ago, that this paper saw the light of day. This day, therefore, is of double significance for us, as we have been able to serve Goa and India with devotion and love, with pride and unselfishness, during the past four years.

As we are serving a Cause, we neither care for in parties nor affiliations. This is the reason why we have often been pungent and straightforward in our criticism of those who are

ill-serving it without fear of allenating their sympathies, because we firmly believe that the cause is the important thing, not personalities or coteries.

If our artillery has sometimes been directed towards ourselves, it is because we believe that our own ranks must first be cleaned if we are to wage a successful battle against the imperialists; and against our enemies, in order to counter their propaganda against India, Goa and Goans. Had we not acted in this manner, we would have failed in our mission which is to serve an Ideal, to fight a noble, just and true Cause, irrespective of personal friendships, affiliations and sympathies.

We have always maintained that homogenity in thought and unity in action, is absolutely imperative to conduct a successful fight, and also the need of a great will power to discipline and maintain the sacred fire in the spirit of people. The inversion of values is the greatest ill that can affect a body which if it is to conduct a fight, needs be healthy and strong.

The talk that is heard now-a-days, from some quarters, that the struggle against the Portuguese should be conducted by Indians, is also foolish. Though we fully accept that Indians are our brothers, such a move would give an opportunity to the imperialists to proclaim that it is not we Goans, that are desirous of freedom, but the Indians, in the same manner as we are alleging that the Portuguese, themselves not wanting to risk their skin on a dangerous adventure maintain Goa under their heel depending on negro troops.

* * * *

Ressurge Goa ! on the threshold of the fifth year of its life hopes that there may be unity and better understanding among those who are waging this sacred battle so that the emancipation of Goa becomes a reality very soon.

APPENDIX II

"Ressurge, Goa!" was no mere platform for cogitation and comment on the issue of Goa alone. Telo's mind often roved beyond the limited horizon of Goa and pontificated on the murky, highly depressing contemporary international scene of which he saw the problem of Goa as just another ugly manifestation. The following is the full text of the editorial that appeared in the issue of "Ressurge, Goa!" dated 15-2-1954, which speaks for itself.

EDITORIAL

PEACE OR WAR ?

The last two wars, supposed to have been fought in defence of democracy and for the emancipation of peoples, indeed brought little benefit to a troubled and uneasy world. Once peace was signed, the great and noble aims professed by victors were thrown to the winds. What the last war only succeeded in achieving was a slight shift in the international chess-board. With the independence of India, Burma, Ceylon and Indonesia, England and Holland lost their supremacy as great imperial powers, yielding their place to America which is now trying to dominate not only Asia but Europe as well. France, which in the name of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity had, smashing the Bastille and dethroning the monarchs, inflamed the whole of Europe with the fire of Constitutionalism, has forsaken those high principles in order to maintain Indo-China and Morocco under colonial submission and is even unwilling to abandon its hold on microscopic parcels in India.

The United Nations Organisation, where the Big Three, winners of the last war, held sway, is proving incapable of maintaining world peace for which purpose it was created. Hardly it takes a position to make a pronouncement about the right of peoples fighting for freedom, than it recoils with fear before the protest of interested colonial powers, thus nullifying its mission of arbitration in the name of Right and Justice.

The UNO, thus, is just like an idol that the faithful have raised not to pay homage to it or to subdue the Moloch of War, but to shower it with iniquities and blasphemies. What is happening today in Korea, North Africa, Indo-China, Kenya, Guiana and in Europe where America is raising the bastions of NATO and MEDO hardly redounds to the prestige and credit of U.N.

The military pact between the United States and Pakistan—according to Nehru—is not only a step leading to a war and a world war, but a step that will bring the war to the frontiers of India.

Nitti's "L Europe sans paix" should be replaced by "Le Monde sans Paix" thanks to the imperialist ambitions of these Saturns of the century, who, it appears, finally will devour their own daughter, the United Nations Organisation.

* * * *

The Portuguese Government appears to offer a bold front to the 'state of emergency' by despatching negro troops to Goa, under the command of European officers and sergeants, on ships especially chartered for the purpose. Recruiting them under certain coercion, these poor Africans who hardly know how to wear their khaki uniforms, are huddled into holds, from the recruiting centres of Leurenco Marques and transported to Mormugao, from where they are despatched to the different training centres of Margao, Ponda, Velha Goa, and the others. The sergeants who train these negroes just out of jungles, make use of foul language and kicks to make these poor fellows understand what they are expected to do. The armament pouring into Goa consists of

rifles of latest design, tanks, anti-aircraft guns and other equipment of war about which the Portuguese officers brag so much as being the last word in the technique of killing; much more powerful than the weapons that the Indians possess.

In view of this the recent declaration made by the American Consul in Bombay denying that his country was siding the Portuguese to reinforce their holdings in Goa, does not deceive us. It cannot throw dust in our eyes, however hard the Consul may try, as facts disprove his contention.

It is no secret in Goa that the training of African troops is in accordance with the promises given by the Portuguese whilst joining NATO to recruit and train 400,000 negro troops within a period of four years. Thus, Goa has not only been transformed into a training camp of NATO but it is even maintaining and paying them from its coffers in spite of the Portuguese Government receiving American financial aid for the purpose. Goa is thus feeding a monster of seven heads which is terrorising the population and which will finally devour it if India does not put a stop without any further delay to the tactics of the imperialist vampires who are trying to intimidate her into submitting to their nefarious designs, by enriching it with naval and air bases in Pakistan, Goa and Ceylon.

Asia which knows no peace, as it is forever fighting for its emancipation, needs peace very badly to rebuild itself. India which has always been a great defender of the peoples' right to shape their own destinies, realizes the worth of peace and the need of it today, so that Africa and Asia, having shaken off the shackles that bind them, may come into their own. It is only Europe and America that are concerned in forming pacts which only lead to wars. Treaties, according to Clemanceau, "Sont une facon de continuer la guerre"

APPENDIX III

Reproduced below is the full text of an article Telo de Mascarenhas wrote for the issue of "Ressurge, Goa!" dated 15-6-1951 which gives an insight into Telo's concept of nationalism. The lack of understanding he bemoans in others provides a clue to an understanding of his own exalted brand of nationalism :

RESSURGE, GOA !

OUR POLICY

LACK OF UNDERSTANDING

We do not need to justify our acts committed in the fulfilment of our duty in keeping with our ideal which is the true Nationalist Ideal, imbued with principles, precepts and teachings bequeathed to us by our Apostle Mahatma Gandhi. However, we deem it our duty to indoctrinate those who, either carried away by the limited orbit of their spiritual horizon or guided by the light of an intolerant nationalist conception, have blindly made a water-tight compartment out of nationalism, so that they might come out of the shell in which they live almost secluded like the embrionary butterfly frightful of light and who precisely for it cannot attain the liberating flight of a full-fledged butterfly.

We are constrained to mention this in connection with various frenzied criticisms to the policy followed by this paper which, notwithstanding its being profoundly nationalist, does not close its eyes to reality and loves Satan as well as carries a war against Satanism, as Mahatma Gandhi advised. More than once have

we stated here outspokenly and without fearing unbecoming and malevolent criticism, that our struggle aims at administering a death below to colonialism, continuing to have nevertheless consideration and friendship for the colonizing Country and its people. We do not restrict ourselves, merely to a campaign of non-violence to fight the hated colonialism but also if necessary, to a violence of the most violent type. Mahatma Gandhi was a practical idealist as he himself confessed, and as such, side by side with non-violence, he preached violence as well, if necessary and opportune. What is after all, disobedience to law if not a violation—a passive violence that is the most daring and fearless of all kinds of violence ?

Our Nationalist Ideal does not blind us to the extent of denying our adversaries their virtues, just as we do not hesitate when the need arises, to pool our resources to fight against the determined will of the imperialists to retain us in bondage on the pretentious fiction of Goa being an integral part of Portugal.

If it be noble to commune in the sorrow of our friends, it is nobler still to commune in that of our adversaries. It was in accordance with this principle that we stated in the article dedicated to Marshal Carmona : "at this hour of mourning for the Portuguese Nation, Ressurge, Goa !, laying down its standard of revolt which it so proudly holds aloft, expresses its sense of sorrow to the Portuguese Nation and People".

And some ducks giving vent to their intolerant and unworthy nationalism croaked loudly, accusing our paper for it ! We would like to remind these pseudo-nationalists armed as D. Quixotes, of the words of Nehru when, during the last war tempers were frayed : "It would be dishonourable for India to open hostilities against England at such a juncture when she is involved in struggle of life and death with Germany." Mahatma Gandhi spoke in the same tone, and not one had the audacity to accuse them of treachery by being hand in glove with the enemy.

It behoves us to place our honour and our dignity as adversaries of the hated colonial regime that weighs over our native land, above all opportunisms. Our idealism should not blind us to the extent of forgetting the most elementary code of humanity, justice and courtesy. "Righteousness and Justice are above the concept of Motherland; to place the Motherland above Justice and Righteousness is to commit the greatest injustice against it", said Rabindranath Tagore.

Nationalism cannot be the subject matter for D. Quixotes, for, it is an ideal that has to be cultivated and nursed with great spiritual strength, if not it shall be nothing short of megalomania of possessed spirits and the negation of all principles.

T. de M.

APPENDIX IV

Many among those who occupied important positions in Salazar's government were Dr. Mascarenhas's one-time colleagues, friends or acquaintances. On the strentgh of his close personal bonds with such high functionaries of the Portuguese government, Telo, believed he could bring about a change of heart and mind in them by appealing to their plain sense of justice and fair play. The Open Letter he addressed in August 1949 to Dr. Salazar who was once his teacher at the University of Coimbra was followed by similar letters from time to time to others at the helm of Portuguese affairs during those days, whom he knew personally. The following is the copy of the letter Telo de Mascarenhas addressed to Dr. Paulo Cunha, the then Portuguese Foreign Minister, which appeared in the issue of "Ressurge, Goa !", dated 30-9-1954.

30-9-1954 'RESSURGE, GOA' :

OPEN LETTER TO

DR. PAULO CUNHA

Dear Friend,

This is the second time that I write to you since I find myself in India. My other letter was addressed when you assumed the post of Foreign Minister, congratulating you with that effusion that only a Comrade who has sat on the same benches at school with you could, justly proud of having been entrusted to you a very high post, to which you are so deserving, owing to your intelligence and vast knowledge. But the cause of my joy was not only because you were raised to this high position,

but also because I felt that, with your prudence and sense of justice you would contribute much so that the relations between India and Portugal become more cordial; and that you would try to reach an accord for the solution of the intricate "case of Goa." However, I have realized that you were not opening a new chapter in the diplomatic history of Portugal, which of course would have given lustre and prestige to your term of office, but that you were sailing in the same waters made turbid by your predecessors and by the Constitution, in proclaiming that the State of Portuguese India is an integral part of the Nation.

The professors who taught both of us and the books we read in the Faculty of Law were the same, and we learnt both from these professors and from the books that the Portuguese possessions overseas were colonies, and that they were governed and administered as such. Therefore the change of that nomenclature in the constitutional law, on account of political reasons, caused me as it must have caused you too certain skepticism, as the government of Portugal, to arrest the tendency of the present world for the emancipation of people—tendency which has been backed by the U. N. Charter—thought of modifying its internal law as though they alone were ruling the world.

I do not believe, however, and I am speaking very frankly: that you will want for long to swim against the tide of a doctrine internationally based and accepted, as I know your mental formation and your very liberal ideas.

When a government betrays its own soul and the spirit of the time, it betrays itself and the Nation it serves. Such is not your case, thank God, but carried away by the imperialist motives of the Government of which you are a part you have changed the line of your conduct which has always been inclined towards generosity, sense, Justice and Truth. I know how ungrateful your mission is, as it is difficult, even for a person of

your mental integrity to correct the past mistakes, and specially the constitutional sophisms—and in the present case you feel that it is your duty to save the honour of the Government. I do not accuse you, but record with deep regret that you, carried away by the force of circumstances, have to trample the precepts of Reason and Justice to defend a point of view which has no possibilities of being vindicated. Whilst with your diplomatic notes you hope to repossess the first losses that the Portuguese sovereignty suffered in India, your conscience must have warned you on the false step to which you have been forced, as, in this complicated problem, it is your prestige which is at stake, more than of the Nation in whose name you are actuating. Portugual's prestige would have enhanced if it had only tried to safeguard its spiritual and cultural interests in Portuguese India, rather than the political and material interests. It is erroneous to talk of co-existence as the Portuguese territories in India are not sovereign states like Nepal and Pakistan, but colonies which have a right to be emancipated. If Portugal's plea, that of raising the dominions in India to its own spiritual and cultural level, is sincere, then it should spontaneously and peacefully leave these territories to fulfil their own destiny, proud of this act, and not dispute a precarious right, as the spiritual and cultural patrimony spreads itself generously without its wanting to eternally dominate those benefited. These factors do not run any danger even when Goa is liberated, as both the Goans and the Indian Government are interested in maintaining them.

We Goans, with our acts absolutely legitimate, which we also believe to be sacred, are not hostile to Portugal or to the Portuguese people, as we are fighting to free our land from colonial stigma. And in this fight we count on the sympathy of the Portuguese people which we know is genuinely liberal, although the Portuguese Government is trying to keep intact the History of Conquests and Discoveries.

Goa being a part and parcel of India, its anxiety is to integrate with the Motherland. And this legitimate sentiment of Goans cannot under any circumstances, wound the susceptibilities of the Portuguese, because the natural tendency of people is to be free. In this dispute it is evident that Portugal desires to safeguard its own prestige and not the destiny of Goans, which cannot be better safeguarded than when united with India, as Goa was India, is India and shall remain India forever, and cannot in any way be a Portuguese land. The "portuguesism" of Goa has its roots in the conquest; if the Portuguese Government wishes that there should remain in the hearts of Goans the sentiment of friendship for Portugal and for the Portuguese people, and the love for their language and culture, it is imperative that it loosens its hold and grant to the people of Goa their heart's desire. Only then will the spiritual dominion of Portugal in Goa be lasting.

In these few lines I do not wish to discuss points of law, but I appeal to your heart, to your intellect and to your sentiments of a good Portuguese, with the liberty that I take owing to our friendship and camaraderie which in spite of our being in two opposite camps, have not been broken—sure that you will ponder seriously over the problem the solution of which is entrusted to you, without preconceived ideas, nor with too much submission to constitutional texts, in order to resolve it with honour and dignity to both Portugal and India.

With best wishes,

Telo de Mascarenhas

APPENDIX V

SONG OF VICTORY

Big or small
rich or poor
this land is ours
legitimately ours
an old inheritance.
We struggled and suffered
to liberate her.

During the struggle
our anxiety
was to raise Goa
to her ancient brightness,
to make our land
flow with milk and honey;
go give to all an inch
of land to cultivate
and a roof to shelter
the homeless.

This land is ours
legitimately ours,
an old inheritance,
we are proud of her.
We struggled and suffered
to redeem her.

We will not allow
unscrupulous politicians
to turn our land
into a chess-board
to play their games of chance,
depriving us
of what we have won.

This land is ours,
legitimately ours,
an old inheritance,
we are proud of her.
We struggled and suffered
to liberate her.

In the bosom of Mother India
we want to live,
because we are her legitimate sons;
for the sake of unity
we will not let anyone subvert
our identity.
As we struggled
against our dominators
we will fight
against our exploiters.

This land is ours,
legitimately ours,
an old inheritance,
we are proud of her.
We struggled and suffered
to redeem her.

Big or small,
rich or poor,
this land is ours.
legitimately ours,
an old inheritance
we are proud of her.
In a manor-house or in a hut
we know how to live blissfully,
in dignity and pride,
because this land is ours.
legitimately ours,
an old inheritance.
We struggled and suffered
to liberate her.

—TELO DE MASCARENHAS

APPENDIX VI

SONG OF RETURN

I will return one day,
one day later or sooner,
to my distant native land,
where I passed my childhood,

in a boat made of sandalwood,
to show the men
of vile sentiments
that my heart does not shelter,

hate or revenge,
to make true,
our old saying
which is not dead letter

"the sandalwood is so generous
that it perfumes even the edge
of the axe that cuts it".

When my boat of sandalwood,
at the end of voyage, anchors,
the sinuous shore of Konkan,
I will jump down in the earth

without folding the sails,
which will remain fluttering
like signs of Victory
of my fulfilled dream

Kneeling down
I will kiss the golden sand,
which is as a embroidered hem,
of the green 'sari' of thick palm-trees,

fringing the vast expanse of the sand,
perennial and sacred image
which I guard in the sanctuary
of my breast

and I will murmur a prayer
with the folded hands, reverently,
as an exiled who returns
to his beloved Motherland :

"Bharat Mata, I salute Thee
at this grateful hour of my Liberty :
Jai Hind ! Victory to Thee,
Victory

To your past Glory,
and to your mission of peace and brotherhood".

TELO DE MASCARENHAS
FORT OF CAXIAS (PORTUGAL)

25TH AUGUST, 1968.

APPENDIX VII

HYMN OF REDEMPTION

We shall build over the land,
We shall build over the sea,
We shall build over the air,
We shall build over on the sands,
We shall build over on the stones,
We shall build over on the ruins,
We shall build in the stars,
The Glory of our Immortal land :

Come, O' Redeeming Dawn,
With your rosy fingers to awake
Our charming but drowsy land,
Lulled between the great ridge,
of mountains and the vast sea.

In its cradle of greenery,
Under the subtle gaze of moonshine,
Dozes and dreams our Motherland,
Eagerly expecting us to wake her up.

The proud Ghats keep watch over her sleep,
The sea sings lullabies to her !
O' Motherland, very soon, Shiva's Arrow
Will come again to redeem you !

Christ, Rama, Allah, O Goddess Bhawani,
We invoke you all, for, in the struggle,

Your sons and daughters are ready to win,
To die, to redeem, to ransom,

Back to Goa shall we be one day.....
The day we may be able to plant
The flag of our Sacred Mother India
In the heart of our Native Land!

We shall build over the land.
We shall build over the seas.
We shall build in the air,
We shall build on the sands.
We shall build on the stones.
We shall build on the ruins,
We shall build in the stars
The Glory of our Immortal Land!

TELO DE MASCARENHAS.

Note : The first eight lines (also the last which are a repetition) appeared as the motto of "Ressurge, Goa!"

"Ressurge, Goa!"

APPENDIX VIII

PROMOTION OF LANGUAGE

A staunch opponent of Portuguese imperialism, Telo de Mascarenhas was equally an ardent votary of Portuguese language and culture. No single individual worked more tirelessly to retain and promote Portuguese language and culture in Goa after the departure of the colonialist.

Translated from original Portuguese and reproduced below is an article by Jose de Freitas, one of the founders of the esteemed Portuguese daily, "Diario Popular" of Lisbon and its Chief Editor. Dr. Freitas (1910—76) belonged to a distinguished family of crusading journalists. An inveterate enemy of Dr. Salazar's one-man rule, Dr. Freitas and his "Diario Popular" braved all odds to vindicate the dignity and honour of the Fourth Estate in Portugal. A sincere friend of Goa and a champion of Indo-Portuguese amity, Dr. Freitas fully appreciated and applauded the efforts of Goans like Dr. Mascarenhas in behalf of the cause. The article reproduced below and captioned "A Cultura Portuguesa em Goa (Portuguese culture in Goa)", appeared in the issue of "Diario Popular" dated 6th January, 1976, barely a few months before Dr. Freita's death.

APPENDIX IX

PORTUGUESE CULTURE IN GOA by Jose de Freitas

"Ressurge, Goa!"—many readers will still remember—it was during the disturbed period that preceded the invasion and occupation one of the most vibrant and courageous tabloid papers, representing the revindication of Goan nationalism. It was published, when it was possible in the neighbouring city of Bombay and was read in the intimacy of homes in Pangim, Diu and Daman, and it even reached Lisbon by clandestine post. Here, in the office, I received the journal very often, four modest pages, disputable in composition and also printing, but exuding through its columns the fire and enthusiasm of a great Goan passion. In view of my sensibility and my craving for the placidity of the Mandovi, it was sufficient to fill me with sympathy for the clandestine messenger at once and to overlook its exaggerations, its occasional lapses from truth and reality. Nevertheless, despite these defects, "Ressurge, Goa!" was a clarion call to the conscience of all, a glorious and magnificent effort on behalf of Mother Goa, on behalf of liberty and on behalf of democracy. It was never against Portugal, but against its tyrants—tyrants of Portugal, who spread similar tyranny across in the world. A just nationalism in the precise sense of the word was what Telo de Mascarenhas, himself a Goan but a product of Portuguese cultural influence, demanded in his articles and writings, which were vibrant and courageous clarion calls reinforced by the zeal of proselytism. The writer, the poet, for we are dealing with a man of thought, was a journalist and a fiery polemist. The pen was his weapon in the daring fight for a free and democratic Goa. It showed total

ineptitude, in this regard, if the rulers of the times that they in obedience to the blindness arising out of fear and distrust towards the 'owner of the house', persecuted Telo de Mascarenhas putting him in the jail of the Fort of Caxias instead of trying to understand his enthusiasm and even helping him in the task of building an independent Goa, the best solution for all Goans, to my mind.

But that is an old story which no longer interests anyone to go into its details.

Fortunately, we have now renewed the diplomatic relations with the Indian Union. The Indian citizen can travel amongst us, and it will be possible for the Portuguese to journey to the Indian Union and to Goa. It is nice to see that the promotion of cultural links will be the goal now, thanks to the efforts of Goans who are sponsoring and organising associations for the understanding and spread of the portuguese language. We snugly remained indifferent in the face of destruction of one of our finest values—our culture. I do not know if it would be possible, and this due to the efforts of Goans, to find in the bookstalls of Pangim the books of our thinkers and writers.

This comes in the wake of a pleasant news : "Ressurge Goa !" directed by the indomitable Telo de Mascarenhas, has resumed publication as a fortnightly, in Portuguese, Konkani and English, and is edited at Camurlim, Bardez, Goa. The first, second and third pages are written in Portuguese. It is gratifying to find that after all that has happened, the Portuguese culture reappears in the small Goan "island" valiantly, almost indestructible.

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16	18	avoidly	avidly
22	Title	At Home	A Home
22	22	fact	fate
28	23	fellings	feelings
32	5	sprung	sprang
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45	25	possibility	possibly
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54	19	belover	beloved
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74	1	not	now
78	10	wishy-wishy	wishy-washy
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